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Who Goes There? Friend... or Fuzz?

How to tell the Hawks from the Doves among Canada's 38,500 policemen — and why you're safer if you can

BY WALTER STEWART

CANADA'S LAW ENFORCEMENT agencies are engaged in a virtual tag-al-war on the issue of police policy, and the struggle comes sometimes impetuously for all of us, as outcome will determine whether our encounters with the police are to be casual, open and helpful, or controlled by the knowing that we are not becoming the victims of North American justice.

The struggle began to crystallize at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago in 1968, when "pigs" passed into the language as a synonym for "cops." Since then, the issue has become ever more sharply drawn, and today there is hardly a police officer who hasn't lived up in one camp or the other.

For convenience, let's call the Hawks before the Doves. The Hawks believe the time has come to crack down with an iron fist, to clear our streets of rebels, our parks of hippies, our pockets of drugs, our minds of subversion. They want tougher courts, stiffer sentences, wider powers of arrest and greater use of modern police methods. From whistleblowing to reprimand (where undercover agents encourage people to commit crimes, and then prosecute) Hawks are aware that their approach may lead to headlong charges, but they agree with Arthur Cookson, just president of the Canadian Association of Chiefs of Police, who says, "If we're going to have confrontation, we're going to have confrontation. The more we give us, the more we'll have to keep making it."

The Doves believe in more sensitive and less punitive policing. They argue that the best way to combat crime is to attack the social ills that breed it; they have nothing against hippies or drug kids, their approach to the drug problem is upright but not upright, and the new police methods they favour include better pay and training, more emphasis on social and psychological approaches and the dominance of special community squads to reach out into

the schools, parks and stores where crime is born.

Doves repeat the notion that we are headed for U.S.-style confrontation: "The only way we'll get it," says Deputy Chief Jack Atchford of Toronto, "is if we start acting like the U.S." Problems here are not the same. Crime rates are lower (in the U.S., a murder is committed every 39 minutes; in Canada, every 26 hours, on a per capita basis, American are about five times as prone to murder, rape and rob as Canadians), strikers are healthier (during the Strawberry Fields Rock Festival at Mosport, Ontario, in August, provincial police charged their leaders with hungry h.i.p.s, and one American vocalist blurted, "At home they beat us, here they feed us"), and Canadian forces have been, for the most part, free of the political intrigues that, say, Chicago's Richard Daley "The dauber," says Atchford, "is that we look into our TV screens, see what is happening in the U.S., and assume it's the same here. Police do it, and the public does it, and they're both wrong." Chief Roger Smith of Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, adds, "We don't deserve U.S. law enforcement. I don't like the Georgia sheriff either."

Nobody knows how many Hawks or Doves there are among Canada's 38,500 police. The line is drawn right through some forces. In Kelowna, the chief is an experienced Hawk, but his acting deputy is considered a Dove by the city's youth, a fact that helped him quell an impending riot last April with nothing more than a bathhouse and a balance of trust in Toronto, where the Doves appear to have the upper hand. Hawks began over. In every major Toronto division a police officer moves continuously, carrying two officers and a loaded shotgun. Why? "I don't know," said one young constable. "To scare left out of everybody, I guess. Including us." The official explanation is that they are on guard against back-bay-ers. Finally, there



Confrontable Jack Davies of the Vancouver police leads one of the force's new 36-man riot squads for balance

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are far contradictions between police serving the same areas. At Toronto's controversial Kitchie College, Metro police had worked out an arrangement with college security guards, when there was to be any sort of raid. Toronto officers went in accompanied by the college guards. When the RCMP staged a drug raid recently, they clashed with the security men, smashed doors the guards had keys for, and looted themselves in the middle of a near riot. Toronto police were called in to sort out the mess.

Hawth's appeal to be in full control of the Association of Police Chiefs, which this year, as every year, called for wider, tougher police powers. They also control

The International Conference of Police Associations, where Canadian delegates find themselves lacking a resolution denouncing "an-the-street justice" to meet "the urgent, virginal, and sometimes unadmissioned of police officers throughout the United States and Canada," a resolution both eloquent (how can unadmissioned be organized, virginal, and sometimes at the

same time?) and, as far as Canada is concerned, reasonable (police killings in the U.S. have been rising steadily, to a last-year high of 86, in Canada, they were lower in 1969—5—than 1962—12).

The Hawks also have a stronghold on the largest police force in Canada, the RCMP. The Mounties have led the way in controversial policing and shown a regrettable tendency to deport people they don't approve of, such as U.S. draft evaders, and to harry people who help draft dodgers in one way or another. A 32-year-old Montreal girl whose mother had helped a deserter was severely questioned in Ottawa, a so-called RCMP "raid" was announced.

for the FBI, six members reported directly to an FBI liaison man. All the activity runs counter to the federal government's assurances that draft dodgers and deserters are regarded as ordinary un-

The RCMP — like the FBI — takes an alarmingly right-wing political stance. The former's publication, *Law And Order In Canadian Democracy*, which has only this year gone out of print, contained a chapter on Communism that began, "A rampant ideology is on the march for the conquest of the world. Communism, as spelled [RCMP spelling, not ours] by the Kremlin dictatorship, seeks to extend its atrocious grip and enslave the earth." It is not hard to see why, in a book that is the first price-conscious, the new RCMP commissioner, William Huggitt, felt compelled to argue that if Canada recognizes Red China, Ottawa will be overrun with Chinese spies.

If the Hawks have won the RCMP, the Doves have achieved some victories, too, in the establishment of community and youth squads, in the cool handling of a number of rock festivals across Canada, in the increasing emphasis on recreation in the selection of officers — at Dartmouth, recruits must pass a whole battery of psychological tests.

With some exceptions, the younger police tend to be Jewish, the older ones Jewish, which argues that the Dones are bound to win the long run. That's not necessarily so. The issue is likely to be decided by the reaction of the Canadian public in general and youth in particular. If we fall into the easy trap of believing the extremists, of assuming that the Dones are a "good" police, we've gone seriously wrong. One Toronto columnist put the point succinctly: "If the liberal politicians get support, he'll carry out the law in a liberal way, if he doesn't, if we get into a confrontation then, every cop will retire into an ultraconservative shell."

In the following pages, *Myriam's* examines the circumstances for you, the citizen, of the struggle between the police Hawks and Givers and explores what the outcome of that struggle will mean to the quality of Canadian life. □



Armen Chocoma has been a policeman for 39 years, 23 years as an RCMP officer. He is chief of Regina's police. He is tall, with slicked-back black hair, regular features and a severe ex-

preston. He's a Hawk and proud of it. "People are always going on bell," he says, "because I say what I think." The Regatta police are tough, and relations with the community, especially the university and hippie sections, are strained. Since last December, there have been five anti-police demonstrations — "man-riots," the force calls them — in the city. Whether the cops are so tough because of the hostility, or provoke hostility by their toughness, is a moot point. Here are some of Castellan's views.

On peaceful parents I have every reason to believe the man who puts the blame on the Communist Party. These people who expulse these demonstrators are mostly Moslems. They advocate bloody revolution. They're bent on breaking

On enforcing drug laws
for a great helpmate in en-

forcing the laws as they are. I don't believe in granting concessions, because the more concessions you grant today, the more concessions you are going to have to grant tomorrow.

On law and order: It's breaking down because of the leniency of persons, the leniency of the courts, the tolerance toward crime by the public and new attitudes toward civil rights. You have people refusing to answer questions put by a policeman. It's very discour-

aging. When disorder takes place and swearing and other rowdy behavior, I say you have to stop it, or where are you going? I'll stop it!"

On entrepreneurial psychology:
It's very necessary if we're
going to establish success.

On the gap between police and public: This gap is not the fault of the police. Police today are being trained in the area of public relations more than ever before. Therefore it's not the fault of the police, it's the fault of the public.



ROGER SMITH has been a paleontologist at Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, for 20 years, and chief for 2 1/2 years. He's

and wet-beds, with head over wet-beds, and an accompanying uncle. His youngest son, Carlos, greets him with "Hi, dad," and Sarah greets him with "Hi, Dad," and she shows Diermuiden police are asked for names, and he says "They're none highly paid. But these in nearby Berlin, and they want to be used. Moreover, are not charged until they get 14 days over the speed limit. Minor offenders are usually lectured. Relations between the police and public are good, even in the biggest cities. 'They're not so bad.' One youngster says. 'They're nice, like any cops, but they're not bad cops.' There are some of Sarah's sons.

Oh youthful parents, it's easy for older people to sit and curse the age. When you talk to these youngsters, you realize they're just like we were, only more realistic. They know more about what's going on, and they want to do something about it. Well, good for them.

On enforcing drug laws: Drugs are bad business, but so is alcohol, and who among us hasn't taken a drink too many times now? The kid of 16 or 17 who feels he has to try drugs once is not a hardened criminal and shouldn't be treated like one.

On law and order: You can't make anybody do anything, not in this country. You've got to have a reason, and if you tell people the reason, they'll co-operate. You've got maybe one half of 1% who are punks, and you can't act as if everybody was that way. The law is the spirit of the thing, if you act out to enforce the letter of the law, the whole country would soon be reduced to a state of utter chaos.

On retirement policies, I don't think it's fair to bracket it.

On the gap between police and public: A policeman is a member of society, he's not just a blob lying on the outside. The whole key is preventive policing, and you can't have that without a good line of communication with the public. □

IS YOUR POLICE CHIEF A HAWK OR A DOVE?

Marion asked the chiefs to make Canadian cities to respond to a questionnaire on law-enforcement issues. Some — including those in Vancouver, Saskatoon, Windsor, Ottawa and Charlottetown — did not wish to express their opinions publicly. But most felt that the views of senior police officers should be part of the public record. Here, then, based on their replies and the assessment of specialists in their cities, is

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The Mod Squad cop: no uniform, no gun, no broken heads... but he gets results

John Sagar is playing hop-skip with a little black girl in Toronto's Harbour Park. He wears polo shoes, a sports shirt, beige slacks and a wide grin. The little girl starts at one end of the path, Sagar at the other, and they hop towards each other, giggling. They meet in the middle, she looks up, he looks down, and their hands meet out and touch. They are startled with each other.

Sagar is sitting on the swings in the Yellow Bunnings, a youth hangout, surrounded by a tough-looking bunch of boys and talking about the most things, girls, cars and the fact Sagar was in here a few days ago, lying it on the line because the youths had been shooting obscenities at the neighbors. The cops apologized, the shouting stopped, but there is an after-taste now, a taste of shame, an undercurrent of tension. As a Cuban boy comes up "Hey, John," he says, "gonna see a couple chicks I'm going to the store." Sagar gives "Go to hell," he says. The boy punches him on the shoulder, laughs, walks out. Everybody relaxes.

Sagar rocks on Dorothy O'Brien's porch late at night. Dorothy, the Queen of the Block, is lying back in "I been here 37 years, dar," she says. "Right in this home 37 years, and before that just a couple of blocks over. The change I see..." Her hands go up in horror. She talks about the kids, the ones in trouble, the ones who will be, the talks about the old people, the gay who needs help, the one who beats his wife, the wife who plays around.

"Her husband don't know, and I figure what he don't know don't hurt none," Sagar cracks her on a fat knee. "You're quite a fat kid, Dorothy," he says.

Soon cop.

John Sagar is the new breed.



A community relations officer, one of the 25 in the city of Toronto. He is 40 — but looks 30 — tall, husky, with wavy blue eyes and dark blond hair. He has been a cop for 30 years, five years in London, in his native England — where the most important thing he learned was that "when you arrest someone, no matter for what, no matter for how long, you are taking away his liberty, and that is a very serious thing" — 15 years in Toronto, most of it in the west-end area that is his beat today.

Last May, Toronto established a community relations officer system, with special training for carefully screened constables (Other cities have uniformed units called community relations specialists, but Toronto is the only one in Canada so far with a corps of specially selected and trained experts in the field. The experiment is being followed closely by other forces who might want to copy it.) They were at once dubbed the Mod Squad (after the U.S. TV

helped arrange a drug-casualty, cooled out angry crowd leaders, negotiated a fire concert for those who couldn't pay the entry fee, and took eight youngsters who had no place to stay home with him (This was morning, he was hurt into his bathroom to report, "Hey, Daddy, there are strange people sleeping in the den").

This was the new police group's most publicized assignment, but only part of the job. Mod Squad members play with the young kids, talk to the teen-agers, bring to the old folks. They set up clubs, arrange concerts, special basketball games, contact social workers and advise on welfare rights. When necessary, they lay down the law. In one case, a group of teenagers approached a community relations officer with a noisy, unhooking boy in tow. "He's got something to tell you," their spokesman said. They were talking to a burglar suspect. Mod Squad also step in, when they can, to keep the law from crashing its victims. They head out wayward students at concerts, help with legal aid, sometimes arrange to have a case dropped. "It's just like having our own lawyer," one youth says, "except they have more power than lawyer."

The new force is beginning to have an effect noticed by other police. Assistant North Chief, who patrols the Harbour Park area, says, "People don't know I'm a cop. I wear a uniform, unlike John, and I carry a gun, but they don't hear their backs on the way they talk to me, they don't just walk away."

The role of the Mod Squad is central to the Hawk-Dome struggle. Hawks want here, and the approach he represents — "Turning a cop into a golden retriever without one old-time cop-planned, 'a job he doesn't know and can't handle.' Does are looking on him to prove that police work doesn't mean bloody knuckles and broken heads." So far, on the record of Toronto's police squad, the Domes are ahead on points. C

Entrapment: should a policeman encourage thievery to catch a thief?

IN CHARLOTTETOWN, an undercover RCMP agent persuaded four youths to procure LSD and marijuana for him. According to their defence lawyers, the officer looks 34 years in the course of his work. Then he arrested the youngsters and charged them with trafficking.

In Ottawa, an informer arranged with police to stage a break-in and persuaded a pal to drive a getaway car while he and another man journeyed to force their way into a house that was, in fact, open. Then the car driver was charged with breaking and entering. The conviction was eventually quashed, because no break-in had taken place — but not until the man had spent more than four years in jail.

Such cases raise a fundamental question: are police entitled to lure people into crimes that might otherwise not be committed? Canadian law is vague on the subject, but Canadian police are not. Doves delude entrapment. "Our job is to prevent crime, not promote it," says Chief Roger Smith of Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. Hawks regard it as a necessary evil. For what it is, whatever tools we have," says the deputy chief of a western Ontario city. "If that includes entrapment, that's okay. Just so we get the bastards."

Entrapment works against drug pushers, petty thieves, burglars and bootleggers, it also works against ordinary people with no criminal bent.

Take the case of Gordon Hawks, 22, of Ottawa. Hawks, a student at Carleton University, lived at the YMCA, where he met and made friends with an older man, known to him as Al Thompson, but who was, in fact, Canadian law enforcement.

Lower of the RCMP. Lower was going as a shop clerk while searching for drug traffickers. Over the next two months, the two men became close friends, although Hawks didn't really know much about the drug scene. Lower later described him as "rather naive." When it became clear, in Lower's words, that "Mr. Hawks was taking too much of my time, I let him do it as long as he wanted," the undercover agent began to apply pressure. He said he wasn't making enough money to live on, he thought he might sell drugs, and could Hawks get some for him? Not at first, he couldn't, but eventually the student made a contact through a girl he knew at the university. Still, he didn't produce any drugs, at first, he refused point-blank to get them. But Lower had borrowed \$10 and said he wouldn't pay it back and Hawks got him some drugs. When the student finally turned up with \$30 worth of

heroin, he was charged with trafficking.

The prosecution was aided by Judge P. J. McAndrew, who found that "without the inducements held out by the officer, the accused would not have indulged in an offence against the Narcotics Act." This finding was made on a pre-trial motion, and the Hawks case does not set a legal precedent, the doctrine of entrapment remains murky, a battleground for police Hawks and Doves.

The case could be settled in favour of the Doves by exposing the 1969 recommendations of the Canadian Committee on Crime Prevention, which urged that a man should not be found guilty of an offence if he was lured into it by a law enforcement officer or his agent and had no prior intention to commit a crime. Without some such provision, the Hawks will win the struggle by default, for entrapment is fast becoming established police practice. □

If we want humane, efficient police, we must stand up for our rights — and, more than that, we must help the police to do their job humanely and efficiently. Here's how...



... to confound the bad cops

On the street you don't have to give your name, age or address □ Show identification □ Say whether you have a job or place to stay □ Go along for questioning — unless you have been arrested.

On the street you should: Answer reasonable questions □ Insist on knowing if you are under arrest. Unless you ask, the police officer has no duty to tell you □ Refuse, if appropriately arrested, to be taken to a police station □ Keep your mouth shut if you are in a car to prevent an officer from using hearsay.



... to support the good cops

Report animal and drug-law offences □ Talk a breathalyzer test, if requested, but you need not perform other tests, such as walking a line □ In your home you don't have to admit the police to search unless they have a warrant or writ of assistance. But no officer may enter to arrest someone inside, if he has reasonable grounds to believe that person has committed an indictable offence □ Advise an officer who says he has received a complaint of noise, a complaint is not a warrant □

Let your police know what you think of them. If they do a bad job, even plain, loud and often, but if they do a good job, report that.

too □ Worry if your police force is badly paid or poorly trained. Good pay draws good recruits, good training makes them more good police.

Get involved. If you see a policeman in a street fight, call for help □ Monitor what goes on when they're stopped with a motor offence. It's not the cop's fault you went over the speed limit, don't take it out on him □ Find out what kind of police you have, how they stand on issues like entrapment and surveillance. You may be pleasantly — or unpleasantly — surprised □ Talk to your neighbourhood police. Many parents, because they mean officers mostly in school-grounds or traffic-stoppers, give them a hostile or frightening attitude. They don't really mean it. Remember that random stops in the rank of police-public relations. If a cop gives you a hard time, report him, but don't get lippy with him, either. You pay him but you don't own him. □

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- ☐ Football fever: the great Canadian con game
- ☐ The death of a turtle: murder for 99 cents
- ☐ A lawyer's place is in the streets
- ☐ Your views: Is Canada burning?



BY LIONEL WILSON

The brainwash that sold us on the sport of slobs

OF ALL THE sports played in Canada today, none is prize so much politics by its no-life reason as football. And as I, like all Canadians, once more will bemoan an overdose of football reporting in all the media, my conviction grows that overemphasis on football may be largely responsible for the fact that Canada is, generally speaking, an abjectly underdeveloped nation.

Sports lacks any object to the contention that football's alleged glory is merely a creation of the mass media. They will cite its "thriving status," "self-declared fitness," its semi "soft and serene." But if our football is a game so outstanding that it deserves the obsessive attention it receives in the newspapers, radio and television, then why has it not been exported from Canada and the U.S.?

Secor has spread from England to encompass the enthusiasm of most of the world. Hockey, tennis, even sailing, have international followings, as do most athletics. North American football? It leaves the rest of the world colder than yesterday's porridge. And yet we are brainwashed into

the belief that (with the possible exception of hockey) football is the play of the supreme sport. Every game is presented, and then re-presented, on television every episode dispensed with verbal and literary overkill, every coach's comments on the last game (typically "A great team effort") and on the likely outcome of the next footballly recorded with a respect due nothing I can think of, save, perhaps, the Senate on the Mount.

If it all ended with that national drunken ritual we call Grey Cup Week, it wouldn't be so hard to take. But from Grey Cup day until the exhibition season, sports commentators lurk daily in the of who will return and who will not, where that great new, all-round, all-American prospect from Kansas PU was born and bred, who will, or should, get TV rights: why this or that veteran and will not really retire.

Not only does this immense emphasis on football mean that money is poured into it that might at least partially be used to promote other sports but it also generates a frightening afterglow among Canadians. Every high school feels it must have some kind of football team, and to try out for it is the "in" thing. You end up with a bunch of halfheartedly outfitted players whose costly equipment has consumed most of the school's sports budget, while other money-starved sports and athletic pursuits remain the Cinderella of the school playing field.

Yet football has only a shallow, insubstantial or contemptible value. A small percentage of those who play high-school football ever join junior, senior, college or professional teams. Dismissing a football league for being really so almost prohibitively expensive. It is much easier — and cheaper — to form basketball, curling and even hockey leagues.

All these games are international in scope and easily learned by newcomers. What's more, some of them involves the use of apparatus as a tactic to the degree that football does.

One reason Canada is short of top international athletes — and how ex-

plaining it is when a Canadian was a bronze medalist at any international athletic meet — is because too many of our best athletes are psychologically drawn toward football. It is a run boy who can ignore the glamour of football and concentrate on some less well publicized sport such as track-and-field events, tennis, or, say, sailing. Most are swayed by the ubiquitous ethos typical of a high-school football fanatic: age 1, once you start that said "Be a man — be a Trepan!"

It isn't only the overemphasis on football that annoys my anger. Golf hardly demands the high degree of physical fitness associated with any normal definition of the word athletics. Yet the media provides us with a constant barrage of hole-by-hole results of almost every local, provincial, national or international tournament in existence, while other sport levels and sports suffer from underexposure — and under-financing.

The media people not only reflect public tastes (and in the case of football and golf, I'm not sure they do even that), but also create them. Yet they have fallen into the habit of reporting every news of value pertaining to football and golf as news, while largely ignoring other sports (and here I exclude hockey football and curling, where the publicity is more deserved).

To a nation whose people grow increasingly sedentary because of the nature of all work is a technological society and overemphasis on one sport — particularly a spectator sport — is frankly dangerous because other, more readily participating sports suffer in the image of it.

Less drastic deviation to the conventional wisdoms of so-called sports reporting and more recognition in covering other sporting activities and what is to the health of the nation. I recall a sports editor whose favorite dictum was "Even a checkers tournament with three players should be publicized." He was right. ☐

Frederick writer Lionel Wilson (born in English or Mount Royal College in Saskatoon)

continued on page 14

Come-By-Chance is no gamble for Joey's friend, the promoter

BY WALTER STEWART

THE TWO PROMOTERS stood tied against the wall of the general store in Eastport, Newfoundland, and smoked a wicked stogie, and looked wise. He allowed that Joey Sealwood and John Shaboon were a couple of risk takers. He said that they've got to admire the way this Come-By-Chance thing was working out, with the people of Newfoundland getting up all that money for an old refinery this St. Shaboon — an American fellow, as he understood it, and a great pal of Joey's — will wind up owning. You just to advise that kind of gall Chaudling, the old man moved off.

So the Come-By-Chance deal will not, an admission, here, Premier Sealwood out of office. Work started there last month and this month Joey is still running the province as his personal deal. His people — the old gentlemen was one of rising who expressed the same view — think the deal is probably a bad one, but probably a lot of outsiders will make money out of it and probably Newfoundland won't gain much, but what the hell, that's politics. When I asked Sealwood when I said that you don't have to let other people walk in, exploit your province with your money, and then walk out with the profits, they looked at me strangely. Does Sealwood? Just doesn't understand.

Well, I don't. I don't understand why John Shaboon of New York should get most of the profits while the people of Newfoundland take all the risks to put up his refinery. I don't understand why the federal government is pouring \$40 million into a effort to aid the project. I don't understand why the provincial government has advanced Shaboon's company for million dollars, with another \$15 million to come while he doesn't have to put with a nickel and the refinery is built and running. I don't understand why the people there won't listen to John Chaboon, who used to be a Sealwood's assistant minister, and walk out largely because of the project, when he tells them, "This is a bad deal for Newfoundland."

An oil refinery, with a petrochemical complex perhaps to come, is under

way at Come-By-Chance, 80 miles northwest of St. John's. It will cost at least \$125 million to build, and the money is being provided in two blocks — \$30 million that the province has borrowed to lend to Shaboon (originally Shaboon was to have raised the sum with provincial guarantees but he couldn't), and \$125 million provided by a block of British and European banks, secured by a first mortgage on the property. This money was raised by the efforts of Premier Sealwood; it carries a fast understanding that the province will not allow the mortgage to be foreclosed. But the refinery won't be owned by Newfoundland. No, indeed it will be



See you later,
alligator—
if the pet shops
don't get you first

BY GEORGE THOMSON

CANADIANS WHO ASKON exactly have joined in the world-wide outcry against the killing of baby seals. But, a wonder, how many of these people have ever thought about the turtle that sells for 99 cents in almost any department store or pet shop? This small green turtle is facing extinction. Every year, thousands of them are scooped into buckets and sent off to pet stores — days after they've hatched from the egg — among them the rare yellow spotted Amazon turtle from Guyana and northern Boreal freshwaterers. I made two summer showed that of 200,000 turtles brought into Toronto alone, only about 100 would reach the age of reproduction.

The spectacular alligator is already listed in the United States as

an endangered species in Canada, you can buy one for three dollars. Many die in dirty unclean-for aquarium while waiting to become someone's "pet." They're difficult to raise, require temperatures between 85 and 90 degrees Fahrenheit, and can grow to seven feet in length. Horned lizards, another favorite, often starve to death after a few weeks in captivity. Few pet stores (not to mention the animal owner) understand the delicate requirements needed for their survival. You almost have to build a mini-desert with high temperatures during the day and low temperatures at night.

The cute little monkey selling for \$50 can turn out to be as hapless as a baby. Monkeys are highly compassionate animals and if you're not prepared to be a substitute for an animal playmate, don't buy one.

I'm personally angry at pet owners who live mostly of the novelty, who flash away the half-dead alligator down a toilet, the store that crams lizards and turtles into dirty aquariums and sell them without explaining how to care for them properly.

There should be federal laws to prevent indiscriminate importation of exotic animals. Owners, pet by all should be prohibited. Only qualified stores and individuals should be allowed to import and keep exotic pets. Qualifications should include proper facilities for keeping the animal, and for disposing information regarding their care, with a license renewal when the qualifications are met.

If not, that small green turtle sitting under its plastic palm tree in two inches of water could turn out to be the last of its kind. □

George Thomson, 28, investigated pet shops while working on his PhD in zoology at the University of Toronto.

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OUR VIEW YOUR VIEW

through leasing machines, moved into the oil business in 1958, when he bought control of Golden Eagle Oil Corp. and set up a small refinery at Midland, Nfld., the beginning of its empire in petroleum, chemicals, pulp and paper, and broadcasting.

When the refinery goes into production, his company will put \$10 million in its working capital, and then will reflect a contribution of 5 1/2% of gross sales and 27 1/2% of net profits.

The effort, he said, John Crosbie, "that even if the refinery doesn't make a dime, Shabens will get his money and a few extra million back in the first two years." The premise, whose credit makes the complete picture, will get 5% of the net profit, but not until after the first eight years of operation. After 15 years, when the refinery has paid off its debt and mortgage, Shabens has the option to purchase the current corporation that owns it for \$2,000. Then he must pay the province 5% of the gross profits until he has paid \$10 million, at which point he will own the complex, free and clear. He also receives special tax concessions, the crown lands for the refinery for one dollar, and first refusal on the construction of any similar government-owned refinery or chemical plant for the next 25 years.

If the project goes broke, Shabens won't exercise his option, but it simply walks away, leaving the province — and in all likelihood, the federal government — to pick up the pieces. If it succeeds, he'll receive an asset that cost \$155 million, paid for out of its own profits, for a \$10 million investment at no risk. As Crosbie says, "It's foolproof — but foolproof for him, not us." The project will provide about 400 jobs, or that job, for every \$157,500 of investment. Says Crosbie, "We should get 4,000 jobs not 400."

A scheme such as this was bound to attract criticism, and it did, but not enough to give Premier Newland peace. When Shabens was unable to raise the \$30 million he was responsible for under a 1983 agreement, the agreement lapsed, and the federal government pressed Newfoundland to take a tougher stand in renegotiation. It did, but not much. Two major changes in the deal entered into the legislature last July. Originally, Shabens was to have got the refinery for \$2,000 now, he will have to pay \$10 million more out of profits if any. Also, he will no longer be pay the province 5% of his net profits.

But Come By Chance is still a sweet deal for John Shabens. And it will stink for everybody else. □



The fire's in our own back yard

The Canada Report: How To Live Next Door To America Without Getting Burned. Howard (August), compared violence in the United States with peace in Canada pointing out one of the basic differences between our two nations: a basic Canadian value that's lacking in Americans. But the Canada Monitor refused to use English Canada! How can you trust about our peaceful society without this misleading Quebec, that most victims of provinces? Are you not unwittingly regarding her as a safe haven only? Of course, the introduction of the Q-factor would have shattered the simplicity and the symmetry of your report, it would have become a comparison between America, Canada and Quebec. Canada leads to one like solid dream: no matter how carefully you mix it, it always separates into water (Quebec) and solid ice.

HEATHER STONE, GLENVIEW, ONT.
As an American interested in Canada, I read the Canada Report, a moving summary of my country. It has led me to consider leaving the United States for Canada. I hope the American experiment will wake up those Canadians who still advocate strict adherence to American methods.
CHRISTOPHER J. COLIFF, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

As a long-term transplanted Canadian who has spent the last four years in the U.S., I am confident the Adams can system will survive. Their generous resource call has a "silent majority" of which have a greater sense of justice, education to country and educational facilities than you might suspect. Furthermore let us not forget that Can-

ada has a few problems of her own, some of which were not generated by the U.S. influence. To best know our needs at the complex U.S. dilemma with this characteristic Canadian "Island" than those made in our own exclusive isolation.

READER'S POLICY: NEW BARRIE, ONTARIO

The articles on Canada being Amer-
ica's problems and the British Columbia
situation were great.
ANDREW BRY, VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

It seems you've discovered a few more things you dislike about the United States. Many of the current article's problems of the U.S. are already traceable to colonial meddling and bad government of every kind based on

washed democracy, as portrayed by such liberals as John Lindsay, Jacob Louis, Nelson Rockefeller and Earl Warren. I would gladly trade Nelson Rockefeller and Britain for conservatism. New Agony and Ronald Reagan. What a refreshing change it would be to have politicians in Canada whose lives were not seemingly dedicated to the appointment of Quebec.

MALCOLM PATTERSON, YARMOUTH CO., NS

British Honduras: set a gub stop

don't question the accuracy of Peter Sisk's July 2 200-Mile Rule To The Outer At 200 Feet (July). If one's own rules, run to exposing a drink with other drinks, the opportunity will no doubt continue on page 18.

ASHLIN'S PERSPECTIVE: The series who come in from the cold



Author Farley Mowat published. Sister M's Discovery Of Shabens. Graham (1)

SOUTHERN COMFORT: Deliciously different drinks!

Some people sip it as a liqueur, rest or on the rocks. But there's much more to Southern Comfort.
(As warm, smooth flavor makes a perfect base for your Manhattan, Old Fashioned, Coffee—in fact, for almost any drink you care to make!) Don't let us wait! Southern Comfort really is. That's been a family secret for over 100 years. But to delicious difference speaks for itself! Here are three suggestions. You'll find four more on the back of our bottle—to toast your new sets of more enjoyable, deliciously different drinks!

COMFORT SOUR
1 part SOUTHERN COMFORT
strained of rye
1/2 tsp sugar, 1/2 oz lemon juice
Shake with cracked ice, strain into glass.
Deliciously & Simple!

COMFORT BANGERS
1 part SOUTHERN COMFORT
strained of rye
Juice of 1/2 lime or 1/2 lemon,
1/2 tsp sugar. Shake with cracked ice
and shaken from. Strain into
cocktail glass. Super simple!

COMFORT ORIGINAL
SCARLETT OPERA
As mixed at Abbott's, New Orleans
1 glass (750 ml)
SOUTHERN COMFORT
Juice of 1/2 lime
1 glass cherry juice cocktail
Shake with cracked ice, strain into
glass. A drink as reminiscent
as the French Quarter!



Liqueur? Perhaps, but...

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OUR VIEW YOUR VIEW

present staff in British Honduras, or it would be Toronto or as one who has been in of the place mentioned, I enjoyed a different experience. I stayed in hotels and restaurants, good hotels, in schools, modest ones and churches. I met and talked with Chinese, Mexican, Mayan Indians and Caribs. I didn't see any "drinks lying on the road all over town." The "feeling of the country" has I got was somewhat different from that of Peter Seely.

CLARA S. SMITH, TORONTO

Highkicking: hidden dangers

From Ontario To Alaska, Truck Stop And On The Road (Ames), about 100 miles of dangers for the driver. My 18-year-old son was driving home from Vancouver when he picked up three hitchhikers. His car was stopped during an RCMP road block check. Three marijuana cigarettes were found in a bag on the dashboard. My son was charged with possession along with two of the hitchhikers (the third was a moose). After much unfavorable publicity and two weeks later one of the hitchhikers admitted carrying the drugs were then dropped against my son. I hope that his experience will be a caution to other drivers who pick up hitchhikers.

WILL E. FARMER, CALGARY

It was appalled by your hitchhiking article. As a grandchild of two Canadian politicians who were in court some of these mentioned. I'd be extremely glad. America should be warning those more computers and their parents about the dangers of hitchhiking — or is there no crime in Canada?

MR. MCDONNELL, BRIDGEMAN, CALIFORNIA

St. Stephen's, founded two years ago in Montreal to help hitchhikers, has had to suspend activities. The organization was hostility from governmental and municipal police authorities. The businessmen never deserved a longer life.

FRANCIS LAMONTAGNE, MONTREAL

Disputing?

In the July issue of *Maclean's* I was disappointed in the use of another disputing cartoon (75th issue of 1981). Adults can be better not only the dignity of the Queen but also that of those highly respected members of parliament.

WILLIAM H. FORD, BURLING, ONT.

Canada Reports: 'relevant'

As a Canadian and an interested observer, I am aware that *Maclean's* is consistently leading Canadian news in a positive sense. You have tried my support and confidence. I am sure that in the classroom as relevant material for studying "Contemporary Canadian Social Studies" your "Canada Reports" are immediately relevant. And I am sure Grade 11 students would be envious on the

continued on page 20

When Eaton's first opened their doors we were writing our fifth annual report.

The famous T. Eaton Company goes way back to 1869. We go back a bit farther to 1864.

This was even before the nation's founding fathers had got together at Charlottetown.

It was early spring, March 18th.

The place was London, Ontario.

On that day 26 young businessmen climbed the steps to the room above MacFar's Store and founded the company that is now Canada Trust.

Our first office was just behind that store.

Now of course, both MacFar's Store and our first office are gone.

But this original idea born at that meeting still lives on in our present company philosophy.

"To bring the maximum amount of energy and intelligence to bear on the project in order to most effectively serve the client."

It isn't due. It just keeps getting better.

For the more we grow, the more service we are able to provide.

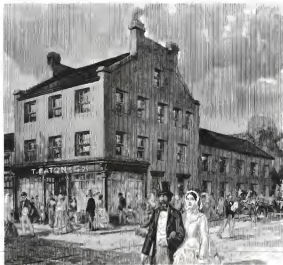
This is why we're now one of Canada's largest trust companies, with more branches open to assist them across the country. If you have a financial need of any kind, no matter how complex or small, we can likely serve that need for you.

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It's easy to pick up a pain. It brags your teeth, it's your shoulders, comb your hair or butter bread — if you're healthy. The disabled arthritic finds those everyday activities of daily life difficult often painful. Despite the advances of a specific and effective treatment, arthritis are now well known. Many of those severely disabled can be no more so to enjoy useful living.

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OUR VIEW

YOU & VIEW

topic covered in your Canada Report (Aga) None of the students suggested the old idea of political union with the United States. Many described Canada as a potential contributor to sustained prosperity in the realm of international peace-keeping and arms limitation, race and ethnic relations, ecology, law and order and notable usage of technical expertise.

By I. MILLER (GARDENIAN LANE, QC)

A boost for St. Andrews, NB

As a displaced Mariner from St. Andrews By The Sea, New Brunswick, I was more than pleased to read Walter Stewart's blowtorch remarks in his "job" and "one Go-Go Live Around Royal The Muck" (Aga) Both articles discussed St. Andrews.

PHILIP MILLER (GARDENIAN LANE, QC)

America: it's our land, too

Be Woe To Ever Hear The American Without Getting Raried (Aga)!! Millions and Professor Evers should know that "America" stretches from the Arctic to Cape Horn. It contains 16.5 million French and one Dutch village, and Canada. These inhabitants are "Americans." The country is known as the "United States of America" or "The States." Let's keep it that way.

L. P. AGENT, KINGSTON, ONT

I can only assume that the author of the Canada Report (Aga) is an Englishman. There may be some justification for his lack of knowledge of North American attempts to refer to the United States as America. If any country merits the right to be called America, Canada might fill the bill as the largest country in the New World.

J. J. GARDENIAN LANE, QC

More pay for the posties

Thanks for "One Go-Go Live Around Royal The Muck" (Aga)!! I feel a postman deserves a salary in good in the best universities. The postman carries important and confidential documents. He must be reliable. If anything, we must upgrade substantially the salaries of university professors.

E. WILSON (ST. MARY'S, QC)

What's a poor agent to do?

Robert Wren's article, "Canadian Publishers are on a lot of trouble. It's all — or all-out" (Aga), was interesting and fairly well informed. It was discussed however to me that Mr. Wren had not searched thoroughly into the ranks of these publishers who are "not much more than Canadian agents for British and American firms." This particular "Canadian agent" spends his time searching out, editing, and steering through the production process books by Canadian

continued on page 22

ARE THEY REALLY MADE WITH THICKER STEEL?

We cannot tell a lie.

All cars are made with steel of about the same thickness. The thing that makes one car stronger than another is the way the steel is put together. In the case of Volvo, the difference is appreciable.

Most car makers put their bodies together out of many small pieces. We use a few large sections to cut down on the number of seams. (Seams are weaker than solid steel.) Where seams are unavoidable, they're fused together with 8,000 welds, each one strong enough to support the weight of the entire body.

The result is a car so tough, it's been crashed into brick walls at 30 mph and the passenger compartment remained completely intact. A car so durable that 9 out of every 10 registered here in the last eleven years are still on the road. (Not a guarantee, just a fact.)

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Ask for the Asahi Pentax Spotmatic, the Takumar lenses and accessories at your local fine camera dealer. You'll be asking for the world's best selling SLR and the world's most complete system of SLR photography. Exclusive Canadian Asahi Pentax Distributors, McQueen Sales Company Ltd., Vancouver, B.C./Cooksville, Ont.



OUR VIEW YOUR VIEW

which are then sold in Canada and the United States. Of course, like any good "import" I have our books around and they're selling straight at the U.S. market. This fall, for instance, we reissued "Canadian" books will include a new copy of Stephen Leacock, a history of Vancouver, edited by Robert Thomas Allen, a novel of life on a BC Indian reservation. I suppose that if we were real Canadian publishers we would publish books aimed at the Canadian market, but what's a poor "import" to do? The major problem for Canadian publishers is that of bringing the books to people's attention. Since book reviewing space in newspapers and magazines is so limited, it's perhaps significant that when Maclean's decided to run its article reviewing the previous condition of the Canadian publishing industry, they signed up the book-reviewer section to do it.

ROSEMARY M. GORDON, TORONTO, ONT.

We're reading you

I wish to thank the double issue of L. Hamilton (Lester, July) had about the "young, wild, sexy" taking time out to read *Maclean's*. I have been reading it since I was 16. I am now almost 30.

TONY PHILLIPS, STRATHMORE, ABT.

The Asahi Spotmatic is the best bit of my magazine that I have ever read. I am a 35-year old writer.

ARTHUR MARK, PORT SAINT JAMES, BC.

Company town: coming of age

The report on Gyro, or Gyro, *On Gyro*, *On Gyro* (July), was of great interest to me. I was a consultant for Ontario Business Council (OBC) for several years. I would like to add that Gyro has been involved in community development for more than just one year and there is much more to be learned. A well-known company town, as suggested by Turner and Turner in 1960. Gyro tried to introduce local participation in decision making. In 1960, a local authority was established, transferring some decision-making power from Gyro to the community. A community development corporation was established by Gyro for the financing of housing and low interest loans for community projects.

THOMAS J. HARRIS, MONTREAL.

The Goldfarb poll — a parody?

Chenoweth from Maclean's on its list: "The national poll, Low, Folsom and 7th Family (August), a tracking poll down at the kind of pop sociology interest to study inquires these days. In the discussion of French-Canadian attitudes to violence, the Goldfarb Report adds details to be drawn to analysis from poll questions about what this is and more the traditional language of French Canada than any real view of violence. A note obvious parody is the

continued on page 24

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Your living room.

The place to hear live symphonies is in a vast concert hall.

That's why Electrohome developed Environment 1, an all new stereo system that provides natural concert hall reverberation.

In your living room. And only Electrohome has it. Two Electrohome satellite speakers provide direct stereo sound and two specially designed Sound Cubes act as reverberating walls to reflect sound back to you. One ingenious electronic circuit, hidden within your Electrohome stereo console, keeps everything under control. And it works perfectly with your present stereo record or cassette collection.

The effect is far beyond ordinary stereo.



In fact, it's beyond any attempt at description. All we can say is this: Environment 1 is worth a trip to your Electrohome dealer's. Where you can admire a lot of other reasons why Electrohome is Canada's leader in stereo.

Reveries like Delicieux cabinet, in styling from warm and cozy Colonial to wild and for out CHINA.

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People—that's what the Pacific is. And after you've dined in the unusual restaurants and lodged in the comfortable Pacific hotels and seen the astonishing and breathtaking sights—what you'll remember most is the people. The towering cathedrals of Fiji and the tiny lodges of New Zealand. You'll remember the beautiful Kabuki of Japan and the folk-dancing Koreans and the Bayanban dancers of the Philippines. And the dancing you never did when the pretty Hawaiian brought you the hula. You'll remember the scrumptious Chinese lady with her abacus, the colorful Hong Kong newstands, the Aussie kangaroo, the Indonesian woodcarver, and the Shaka who had a tiger by the tail. The peoples of the Pacific—from Papua New Guinea to Denmark, from Samoa to Ceylon—hey! they go home in your thoughts to live in your memories and delight you and regale you for a long, long time to come. The marvelous land of the Pacific. You'll do more than remember it. You'll return to it.



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OUR VIEW

YOUR VIEW

Unless we do something pretty drastic to prevent it, but the total education of the atmosphere is much further off than that. The real reason for crying well at course is to make people aware of the need so that they will do something about it. In my view, the actual effect of crying well too loudly and too often is precisely the opposite.

People in the last 50 years have heard that cry too often to respond with any sincerity. For a quarter of a century the threat of nuclear war hung over our heads. It still hangs.

All kinds of things could have happened. They seemed likely enough at the time, but they didn't happen, and people remember such times when the wolf failed to turn up, and then start with indifference to the cry even when he really is on the doorstep. There's a certain self-protective function in human beings; if they become convinced that things are hopeless.

(Instead of trying well, we should be mixing all these problems to what people can achieve in their own lives by advancing events from the ground floor and by doing some things themselves. Let me quote two examples. A recent attempt by the Yacht Club in Vancouver — at first supported by City Council — to appropriate a piece of a public beach for a cat park was frustrated because the people in the Katsdahl area protested promptly and loudly and scared the council into reversing its decision. Vancouver, such as this city province and struggle. A San Francisco radio station is now actively campaigning for a massive car-pool operation to take workers from Marin County over the bridge into San Francisco. Think what a variety of volunteers effort might do in the wine-soaked area of Napa and North Vallejo's cutting down its congestion on the two bridges via the city centre by reducing the number of one-person cars cutting down on daytime parking and parking problems in downtown Vancouver. The night develop a real demand for better public transportation systems, and a consciousness of the quality rather than the speed of travel so that one day people might needn't spend mass travel in jambo jets and clogged to trains and ships. There's no knowing what people will and can do once they begin to relate thought to personal positive action. Crying well enough, as on the way to act there thinking.)

George Handcock is an author and editor of "Canadian Literature" continued on page 246

Five years ago,
we introduced a stereo that was
ten years ahead of its time.

It still is.



A lot of things have changed since we introduced the startling CIRCA 701 stereo.

Shirts have gone up. And down. Cars have gotten longer. And shorter. Taste has gone from pop to pop to mad to mad.

But the Electrohome CIRCA 701 is still going strong, thanks to styling so clean, so crisp, so right, it looks like it was designed tomorrow.

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Well, dark and handsome stereo and CIRCA 715 that'll turn you on before you turn it on.

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OUR VIEW
YOUR VIEW



BY ALAN EDMUNDS

Why one former 'gentleman' is starting Men's Lib

BEFORE we meet, let me make two things clear. First, I think that on the whole women get a fairly deal from society. Second, the incident did not involve a girl who is a mere boy situation. It just that she was scared.

She was tiny, perhaps five feet tall and was ahead of me at the entrance corridor for the New York flight. It was almost empty. She sat in the way down and behind me.

As the engines were being warmed up she leaned forward and said: "Sir, do they serve coffee?" ... Sir, how long does the flight take? There was an awkward lull of questions like that. At the plane started to take off, she groaned: "Oh, I hate flying."

So having been tried by a woman-friend, I asked if she would like me to sit with her during takeoff. "Would you?" she said.

I pulled down the window shades. I asked various driving questions about the house, her baby, her husband's teaching job. And as we were headed up to what Captain Saunders described as "our cruising altitude of 22,000 feet," she actually yawned. "It is nice to have a man to talk to when you're frightened."

But when the DC-8 leveled out and became a 500-mph bus, she changed. She was now at ease, relaxed, it turned out, for New York to confer with fellow members of a Women's Liberation Movement group. I soon found myself enlisted as a male 1st class party attendant on page 24g.



In size, they barely fill a corner.

In sound,
they're a whole room wide.

Compact stereo isn't new.

But compact stereo is exquisitely fashioned period furniture, with stereo separation as wide and as deep as a concert stage... well, that's something special.

That's Electrohme's Boutique stereo. There's a Boutique model so faithful to a Spanish Captain's Desk, you can almost smell salt air from its warm hand-rubbed finish. Another Boutique model is a perfect recreation of a Colonial wastebasket, and yet another suggests the romance of an ex-pellinarian army chest, complete with brass trim and bright enamel finish. All are finely finished by Deltcraft, which says quite a bit about their quality right away.

And all feature Electrohme AM/FM stereo with push-button space and General automatic changer. Some have provision for optional Electrohme cassette tape deck. (Specially designed, semi-directional "Sound Cube" speakers provide remarkable stereo quality and separation up to 40 feet wide.)

If you want more room for people and less space for a stereo console... see the Electrohme Boutique collection.

Electrohme Limited, Kitchener, Ontario.



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For '71, Mustang sets the pace.

3 exciting new shapes
6 all-new models.
The best looking,
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MUSTANG '71

More than ever - Number One.

Mustang Mach 1



OUR VIEW YOUR VIEW

and could get grove myself instead.

And then the plane came down, the engine's noise changed and she said "Listen! Does that sound all right?" I explained we were just taking flight before landing at La Guardia. As the flaps and wheels went down and clunked she squeezed my hand until it bruised. As we entered the terminal, she said I'd been charming; her airport security men would think so, too.

I like to think I struck a blow for freedom — my freedom, every man's freedom — that day.

Freedom is a two-headed monster if they want theirs. I want mine.

I wish to be entertained from automatically picking up the tab when I dine with a woman. What I'd ask any feminist is: When did you last take a man out to dinner?

I'd like to hire one elevator rider so that instead of moving myself like a block in a Chinese puzzle to let the girls out first I could get out the most convenient way possible.

I would like the freedom not to be made to feel an idiot (stupid) while heading down for groups of chattering women who don't bother to acknowledge my presence. I would like to not have to go to work knowing that, married, I would be obliged to constantly accommodate with myself in the rat race to make sure that I earned home ever bigger pieces of heaven. I'd never in a world so ordered that is a crisis I didn't expect it of myself that I would actually consider the woman first, myself last.

Women are not the sex objects North American men so often think they are — they are people. But, ladies men are people, too. Women should get equal pay, governments should provide day nurseries so they can work, women should run the second-class cities. But some of the Women's Liberation leaders is going too far. In New York, recently, a crowd of mad feminists ratched around a construction site, wheeling at workers and stirring at the essentially masculine parts of a man. It was their way of telling back at men who stare at muscular women.

If Women's Lib goes too far, I shall start a men's liberation movement. Women, we'll say, want to stay for our bodies. Women, we'll say are predators. We'll call it Men's Liberation. Anonymous Lyristas stopped a war by persuading women to notice Groucho to withhold their favors until the men stopped fighting. Now we men have to show similar solidarity for freedom's sake. □

continued on page 25



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Mi dia un
Dewar's
per favore!

OUR VIEW



The lawyer you
call if you are
young, hip and poor
BY BOB BOSSIN

I MET CLAYD RUBY in pretty colorful circumstances, but then, that is how most people meet him. In my case, I was having dinner with some friends who happened on an old brownstone apartment building in Yorkville, Toronto's hippest district. We heard someone rushing down the hall and then a long-haired kid ran into the apartment and shouted, "The cops (surveillance agents) are heading up left. We need witnesses!" We got up to follow him. Then he stopped and pointed at me. "You got Clay Ruby?" I knew the name. Clay Ruby is the man you call if you are young, hip and poor, and you have trouble with the law. Ruby is what they call in the States, a "civil rights lawyer." He was at the apartment in Yorkville in 30 minutes.

The scene wasn't hysterical when Ruby arrived, but it was intriguing that way. Clayton Ruby, however, is the antithesis of hipsters. At 28 he is the picture of a well-mannered junior in a firm of Jewish attorneys. He is precise-looking. That fits the way he is at about adding the legal story out of the story the people in the apartment were telling him. The officer had refused Jeff permission to phone his lawyer even though his apartment was being searched for drugs. That was contrary to the right he owned (Canadian Bill of Rights). Jeff's right to a good suit case since the phone call was refused in the presence of "interviewed third parties" — (my friends).

Ruby phoned in a complaint to the RCMP. Jeff said if he didn't get redress from the RCMP, he intended to

sue. Ruby then said, "You probably won't get any money but it could raise an important principle in law. Have you got money?" Jeff hadn't. OK, said Ruby, "Check with the Ontario Legal Aid Plan in the morning if you don't qualify. I'll do the case without fee."

Ruby's evenings go that way as often as not, and have done so since the days of the civil rights movement. In 1966 he went down to Mississippi to help investigate murders of blacks and later that year he joined a Student Union for Peace Action project in northern Saskatchewan and gave legal advice to the Mink in Green Lake. For one year after that, he and some other law students formed Toronto's "Village Bar," which gave free legal advice from a table on the Yorkville Avenue sidewalk. Ruby is not very romantic about it though.

"Everything we did was a failure, it was just a matter of degree. In Mississippi, I mainly worked around being sued, when I got scared enough, I came home. With the Village I suppose we did win some sort of war of attrition over the vagrancy charges. There used to be a lot of them, maybe 15 on a bad night. We just started denying them all, every last one of them, until it was so much of a nuisance that the police stopped charging with vagrancy. But it didn't change anything."

"After the northern Saskatchewan experience, I began to realize that a lot of people saw the law as an instrument belonging to others that is always used against them. That is almost everybody — the poor, blacks, Indians. The law is what the power holder threatens them with."

Ruby decided somewhat reluctantly to return to law school. "I had ideas of hanging about legal reform, but meaningful change just isn't about to happen. Look at Trudeau's proposed law reforms. Big deal. How many practicing barristers do you know who were arrested for practicing homosexuality in their bedrooms? How many more people are getting abortions now than before? An insignificant number. The purpose of the abortion reform was to prevent hospital doctors who were giving those abortions in any event, not to protect the right of women to control their bodies."

"You see, at base, the law is designed to protect property interests, both historically and at the present time. In most cases, property has precedence over such intangibles as dignity, fairness, privacy — for example,



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OUR VIEW

wrapping. Assume the police tap my phone. This is an invasion of privacy and dignity, but I can't do anything about it because Bell Canada owns the property involved in my telephone, and the law recognizes no right for invasion of privacy and dignity.

"At the same time the courts are unable or unwilling to deal with change. Look at pot smoking. The courts insist it is criminal. That has got to be the most useless model for dealing with pot smoking that I can think of. It is an accident of history that in 1923 marijuana was put on the Opium and Narcotic Drug Act, but then decades, in 1970, the range of responses to pot smoking. It limits the kinds of questions you can ask. At any rate, the criminality model itself is a bad model. It was bad in 1700. It's a failure. It hasn't wiped out crime. It is pure stupid.

Really, any meaningful change in the law would have to be so basic that it is not likely to occur. People who own property tend to have the rights that the courts and parliament choose to protect. And that means that any real change has to be focused beyond the legal system. So now I just try to help people by making sure they at least know what their rights are."

To that end, Ruby and his law partner Paul Copeland wrote a tiny paperback law book called *Low Law*, which has sold 11,000 copies in six months.

"In *Low Law* we wanted to clear up some of the myths. For example, legally there's no such order as 'Come along to the station, we want to talk to you.' But many people don't know that. Fair play might prevail if you don't know the law, but it's much more likely if you do." With *Low Law* on the best-seller list, Ruby is spending more and more of his time discussing political law.

"Increasingly," he told me, "I am defending people arrested for some form or another of political activity."

"I'm defending these so-called 'hacker' lawyers, in many ways, I think what they are doing is more important than what I am doing. If change is going to come, I am convinced it will have to be from the streets, not from the courts. For the officials, freedom is just a technical matter. They are selling the houses of these freedoms in the streets. Where else should a lawyer be?"

Ironically, the last time I saw Ruby was at a Toronto street demonstration, just before he was arrested for obstructing police. He was later acquitted. □

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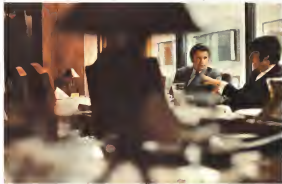
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SUN LIFE OF CANADA



Where Has All Our Best Land Gone? Guess

WILLIAM J. WINBERG is an American neo-tycoon who controls a multimillion-dollar web of family corporations from a push-button garage near Portland, Oregon. The world of commerce is very much with him despite the hectic writing, getting and spending in a series of curt telephone calls — "Tell him he can have one minute" — he seems to schedule his powers. At the decision stage and stacks into the receiver, he goes consistently out across coddled farms including down past blues and fine old pines to the waters of, appropriately, the Columbia River.

The Columbias has played a significant role in Winberg's life. He was born 48 years ago in a big white hall, a few years ago by his parents, prospered from Scandinavia. His fortune was founded during the Depression when, starting with \$150, he began buying up properties along the lower reaches of the Columbia that were being sold for taxes. One such property, purchased for \$26,000 in 1942, is now valued by the State of Washington for parkland. The state is prepared to pay Winberg \$480,000 for its own lack of foresight.

That deal should be of more than passing interest to private Canadians because Winberg who has a considerable stake in the water-rich wilderness where the Columbia rises. Since 1958, he has been collecting bits and pieces of the British Columbia heartland. Most of these properties were picked up for \$10 an acre or less at tax sales (see page 22 for details of how these sales work). "We have bought islands for \$400 or \$500 and sold them for \$40,000 or more," says Winberg. "Nearly all the buyers are Americans. They know the value of this land. We do about \$70,000 worth of real-estate business up there each year. We could sell five times that much but we don't advertise. This thing is more of a hobby for us."

At the moment Winberg holds dear and perfect title to more than 400 parcels of undeveloped land, most of them in the Prince George area. This represents a fragmented colonial empire of some 60,000 acres. He is almost certainly the biggest individual owner of private recreation property in BC. And he's still

We've got our own flag, sure. But find a piece of Canada to fly it over! The surrender of our best land to Americans could be the ultimate sellout



buying. The chances are the Province of British Columbia, like the State of Washington before it, will some day soon be forced to do business with Winberg. Winberg is undoubtedly a smooth operator. Last October he recently has one face standing about as friendly as a fox. "Here's a dynamic cat," says an advising business contact. "He moves so quickly it's hard to keep up with him." To the Maple dream eyes of some nationalists, he seems to be the perfect prototype of the greedy Yankee villain who have been grabbing all our precious recreational land. But there's another side to that picture. "Canadians are jealous of me and Americans like me," says Bill Winberg. "Because they're been too dumb to succeed in their own country."

The truth is the Americans have not been seeking our problem heritage. For years now, ever since the motorcar opened up Canada's West lakes and rocky shores to the continental masses, we've virtually been giving it away. Until recently we've been too lazy and unacquainted, too willing to believe the myth about "undeveloped resources," too ready to make a fast buck — the problems work both ways — to care much. Now a combination of sales should have been predictable circumstances are converting Canadian curiosity into last-thought-before indignation.

Before 1960 American ownership of our refuge land was mainly concentrated in a few border headlands — the Mingo area of Quebec's Eastern Townships, the Thousand Islands, the north-west shore of Lake Erie. Then in the mid-1960s the United States suddenly ran out of naturally preserved vacation space. "Sportsmen in the U.S. are reduced to taking trips out of our parks," says CBC outdoors broadcaster Larry Kolontak. "In terms of recreational facilities, we're holding all the cards."

Meanwhile the silent revolution, with its effluent consumption problems, is creating an unprecedented demand for breathing space among Canadians themselves. Newly affluent city dwellers cooped up in hyaline cubicles for much of the year, seek properties where they can escape for the summer. The less affluent merely want an unspoiled public beach where

BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

they can enjoy a day's swim. Often they take the Stays and Stripes flying above the beach spots — with no Trojan ships and surfboards were sometimes missing the beautiful landscape. The landscape can also guarantee a reproduction by the annual birth of the beaches of the eastern end of Lake Erie. Only 6.1 miles of the 46-mile coastline between Port Colborne and Port Erie are open to the public. American tourists are 85% of the private property in the area. Canadians have taken to staging increasingly hostile demonstrations aimed at opening all Lake Erie beaches to the public.

Similar conflicts are shaking up elsewhere in U.S. property beyond the threat deeper into Canada on three main fronts — through the Maritimes, Ontario and BC. (There is little evidence of American tourism in vacation land on the Prairies. Although farmers, ranchers, fish, and trout streams of agricultural land near the border are falling into U.S. hands, and Newfoundland is more worried about Americans fishing as they close up their military bases. A special problem exists in Ontario. There, American tourists own property in the province but many of Quebec's 1,600 private hunting and fishing clubs are operated by U.S. residents. This alone controls some 25,000 square miles of crown land under a leasing arrangement that closes off nearly 90% of the best recreational areas to the public.)

One striking factor about this three-pronged American advance on the Canadian backwoods is that nobody, including the senior provincial government departments responsible for recreational land, knows precisely how far it has penetrated. American figures on foreign ownership would require tedious tedious searches through countless thousands of land registry offices. But at least in the provinces, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, are sufficiently alerted to have commissioned surveys that will give them a better idea of how much of Canada is still Canadian. And the Ontario government has promised it will prepare a similar study.

Preliminary results of the Nova Scotia survey indicate that at least 10,000 landowners reside outside the province. The government won't know until the end of the year how many of these outsiders are American. But around Ottawa, particularly in Cape Breton where a growing American presence and local guide mix about as naturally as bourbon and rules, there's a feeling that at least 20% of the desirable waterfront properties will turn out to be U.S. addresses.

Throughout the Maritime provinces there's a sense of urgency about the invasion. "American ownership of island land is a very serious concern here," says PEI's Andrew Wells, executive assistant to Premier Alex Campbell. "Our con-

cern is acquiring into the problem is also disrupted with making suitable recommendations to deal with it." Nova Scotia's Robert Burgess, deputy minister of lands and forests, says his province will certainly take action "if it appears that foreigners own thousands of acres in private recreational areas and our own residents are being deprived of the use of those areas and shorelines."

The Ontario government's response to the American threat has been much more indecisive. For one thing, Ontario still sells crown land to non-Canadians. Last May the provincial cabinet approved the sale of 65 acres to an American doctor who already owned 200 acres in the province. Earlier in May Premier John Robarts had promised "a very broad survey" of recreation lands to determine the extent of U.S. ownership. Yet the survey had not been started by mid-July. Meanwhile Rene Brunelle, provincial minister of lands and forests, estimates that some 40,000 of the present 345,000 cottage properties in Ontario are owned by Americans.

Brunelle's estimate hardly tells the full story, as Liberal and NDP critics in the legislature have been quick to point out. It doesn't reveal, for instance, that the rate of American purchases has increased by 15% in recent years. Nearly 11% of the 1,065 waterfront lots sold by the province in 1966 went to U.S. residents. Moreover, the government isn't discouraging this trend. Ameri-

cans cottage owners in Ontario (George Romney, millionaire cabinet minister in the Nixon administration, has a place near Simcoe) are said to have fallen off last year's sales, with laughter or learning they qualify for the province's basic \$30-plus rebate on property taxes. "This is repulsive to justice," thundered the Toronto Daily Star, noting that the original purpose of the rebate was to provide relief for backlogged homeowners and tenants.

Critics of Ontario's indiscriminate land policy are more disturbed by the fact that the rate already seems half lost for the new possession of Canadian property buyers. Heavily polluted southern Ontario, with a hatched-inched only by the Blue of Gees for terrapins barely a new 90% privately owned Liberal MP Richard Smith estimates that American control is much as 35% of the cottage properties along the Ontario shoreline of the lower Great Lakes. Island lake frontage is either all gone or going fast at \$40 a foot as far north as Burlington.

Candidates who venture into more remote parts of Ontario often discover the sale to the best properties have already

What has Bill Wineberg of Portland Ore., got that you haven't got? About 60,000 acres of waterfront property in BC. Is he smart or are jealous Canadians just dumb?



been bought by Americans. They had themselves playing the role of camp followers to an army of occupation. Opponents MPPs say that in the far west of the province, around Fort Frances and Kenora, 80% of the public land is going to U.S. residents. Americans are also buying up large sections of marginal land in this rugged Shuswap country — other at sea sales or by offering prizes (farmers can't resist). Lloyd Johnson, a Delta lawyer, has estimated to assemble 12,300 acres in the Pigeon River district near Thunder Bay during the last 15 years. The province appropriated 2,100 acres for a park seven years ago, but apparently over payment is still dragging on. Says Johnson, "There's been some suggestions that I jumped in there as a speculator, but the fact is I saw the value of the land before anyone else."

American, recognizing that the amazing Ontario north is only a short jaunt away from such willing centers as Chicago and Detroit, are also venturing heavily in the resort and outlying industry. Along Ontario's Highway 71, between Port Huron and Keweenaw, right out of 10 tourist camps are U.S. owned and a Canadian license plate is a rarity. Manitowish Island, lying off the north shore of Lake Huron, is running into an extension of Michigan. This makes Madison Kels, resources manager of the conservation authority in Owen Sound, fume: "The government did a study of the recreational potential of the Manitowish area a year ago and published it."

Nothing prevents the Americans from buying private property. So when they see some private land for sale, they do go to a friend or an agent to buy it, hold it a while and then transfer it.

Harding wants the government to put a freeze on leasing, as well as purchase, of crown lands until the regional areas have enough space for parks. He would also like to see restrictions on the sale of private property. "Across the border to Washington," he says, "Canadian can own state or private land. Despite it, it's Canadian the don't's making wrong with getting the same legislation up here."

Down at the other end of the Columbia, Bill Wineberg is doing a little better in his new holiday. As he flicks lightly through the 16 flat riverside books describing his BC holdings — "Hardly a little piece we picked up for \$1,500, I use it's now assessed at \$30,000" — he wonders whether Christmas isn't just "just a bit too early."

He particularly enjoys the fact that within a mile and the RCMP have been making him pay for the on-going engagement and cottage families to bring into the country. Last winter, he claims, the RCMP even went so far as to search out his cottages when he wasn't there. Worse, he says, cottage owners can't even use the brochures advertising Wineberg's \$750,000 lodge on Stuart Lake near Fort St. John because the brochure had been printed in the U.S.

"When the instrument starts to sample," says Wineberg. "They don't want to make the lodge brings in \$1,000,000 worth of business a year. Half the people up there are said to be in and condemn the books who work for it. They tend to be happy to see the books that knock at behind our backs. I've understood why Canadians wouldn't happen and destroy the

wing, with maps showing the climate zone. Now the speculators don't even have to do their own research. Americans are very eager to buy in Manitoba. They pay as much as \$500 a acre in northern Manitoba and \$200 a acre in the south. There's a great big huge Manitoba, unpopulated, could become rich American playground."

In British Columbia, would-be American purchasers are beginning to find the atmosphere much colder than in central Canada. Residents in the Kootenay district last year mounted a campaign to give Canadian first chance to buy 50,000 acres of otherwise waterfront property owned by the Columbia River. The U.S. visitors have shown a large interest in the area, offering as much as \$5,000 for a single acre. As a result of the campaign, the BC government recently introduced legislation that restricts the sale of crown land to Canadians only. Although foreigners may still buy it, but not Harding. NDP MP for Kootenay West, says it is too easy for Americans to get around the new regulations.

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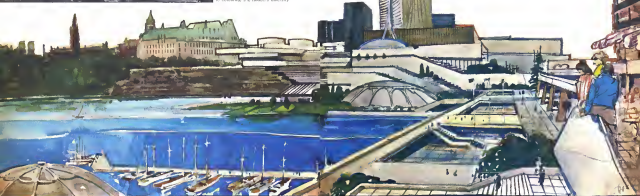
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In British Columbia, would-be American purchasers are beginning to find the atmosphere much colder than in central Canada. Residents in the Kootenay district last year mounted a campaign to give Canadian first chance to buy 50,000 acres of otherwise waterfront property owned by the Columbia River. The U.S. visitors have shown a large interest in the area, offering as much as \$5,000 for a single acre. As a result of the campaign, the BC government recently introduced legislation that restricts the sale of crown land to Canadians only. Although foreigners may still buy it, but not Harding. NDP MP for Kootenay West, says it is too easy for Americans to get around the new regulations.



Two worlds — French and English Canada — and a concept that could make them one. Ten million dollars is to be spent on a bridge to link Ottawa's Wellington Street to Hull's Rue Massimone. One proposal, shown here, is for the bridge to be a two-level structure with on top, malls and stores; vintage boats on islands in the Ottawa river and open land in Ottawa's main Expo would be built to celebrate the nation's diversity.



surrounding area shall be the Canadian capital area." And, although the 21-year-old National Capital Commission has been described in many the biggest gardens in the country, it also has a somewhat fuzzy, tentative mandate to do what it can so that "the nature and character of the seat of the government of Canada may be in accordance with its national significance." The NCC's job is to create a capital to make the heart of every Canadian sing; and, recently, it has become one of the most obvious administrative weapons in the government's campaign to raise the whole national capital into one big beautiful territory. A place where French Canadians will be — and feel — equal to the rest of us. One way to do this is to get paving lots of millions of dollars into the construction of government buildings in Ottawa, Ontario, and to start pouring tons of sidewalks into the construction of government buildings in shabby old Hull.

NCC planners regard most of down-

town Hull as a grubby, ramshackle, wooden shantytown. A WASP gent once described the "rotten masses" of Ottawa, and it's true that the view of Ottawa from down town among the two-story shacks of central Hull is little short of staggering. There are the gleaming skyscrapers, the magnificent spires, the gray may over the Supreme Court, the battlements, the shining symbols of wealth, and they're all strung out, shoulder to shoulder, for thousands of yards along the high edge of that famous limestone bluff. And down here? Down on the north bank of the river, down behind the massive and stately old super walls? Well, one NCC officer has said that the difference between downtown Hull and down town Ottawa is like the difference between Mexico and the United States. If the symbol of Ottawa is the Peace Tower, then the symbol of Hull is just a few hundred yards upstream. It's a great water tank, gleaming in the sunlight, a huge silver and dark-blue container with

white streaks of the L. B. Eddy paper company printed on its surface. It looks exactly like the world's biggest roll of toilet paper.

Douglas Follenberg wonders what French Canadians feel when they look across the river from Hull. He knows what he feels. Shame.

"I feel very strongly as this," Follenberg says. He struggles to pronounce the southern speech impediment that frequently slughters his sentences and, in 1986, he succeeds. "This must be a historical, historical place. Or the Canada isn't. We try to recruit French-speaking Canadians for the public service, and we hear these things again and again and again. The impossibility of bringing up their kids here, and so on. We've got to beat that. If we don't, no Canada. It's like this. This is the place where the heart of Quebec is being brought today. It's right here."

The federal government pays grants in lieu of local taxes to municipalities and,

in the National Capital Region, these federal payments amount to about \$12 million a year. The seven Quebec cities of the upper part 5% of these payments the City of Ottawa gets 88%. One floor space that the government owns and leases is more than 15 times as great in Ottawa as it is in Hull. The National Museum, the National Arts Centre, the National Gallery, the National Library, nearly every one of the great tangible symbols of national power and national culture, are over there in Ottawa. "When the NCC was in the role of Santa Claus to Ottawa," Follenberg says, "they didn't mind our intervention that much in their planning. We were dropping pounds all over the map. Now, we've turned the tip partly off on the Ontario side, and we've landed it on the Quebec side."

They have indeed. The NCC is now deeply involved in a 20-month federal program to spend no less than \$30 million "to enable the Quebec portion of the region to play its proper role in the life

of the national capital." The program involves a new Ottawa plant, new visitor rooms and new rooms for Hull, and the construction there of at least three new government office buildings. One of them, at a development called Place du Portage, was under construction this summer. The most vital part of the government's plan for Hull, however, is a \$33-million bridge that would bend and extend Wellington Street north and over the river to Rue Massimone, right down into the crumbling core of Hull. The massive project, as they say, of federal money into Hull will unquestionably stimulate private investment as well already. Holiday Inns have announced they'll build a 37-story hotel near Place du Portage. For the moment, the bridge is simply "Portage Bridge."

Just March 1st, annually, its construction line first spring, and it's a measure of how seriously federal-municipal relations had already become that nobody bothered to inform Mayor Fournier

about the bridge until a few hours before the project hit the Ottawa newspapers. The gleaming purpose of Portage Bridge is to seal the two cultural sides of it, the very heart of the national capital region. But, according to Fournier, it's going to cost Ottawa taxpayers a cool \$19 million to prepare the approach roads and, in the interest of all the people in one of these two suburbs, he is hopping mad. He is mad at the government — this great money over here on the Hill — for trying to direct the whole show on a national basis. He is mad at the provincial business. It has, he attitude appears to be that "We're going to do it anyway. It's not money. You shut up. He is mad at the government for its bluffs and phony (1) about participation, democracy and co-operation. He's mad when they offer him to (2) to show the federal interest in revitalization. It fails to respect (3) the first requirements of politicians. It fails even to let him know what it is up to. Fournier is just — and



Another design to link Ottawa and Hull — but this time less imaginative garbages more practical. The proposal envisions a pedestrian walk down the centre, but is a single-story structure. In the artist's scheme, lane shared by National Capital Commission (planned) Hull is seen with new government buildings, hotels and Place du Parage — already long-built. Missing is the C. B. Eddy prior company's skyline of a plant.



road, and perhaps the thing that modern has done is the wider, more and broad speed with which the government is putting in subsidies for Hull.

No politician chooses to appear grasping and bigoted but, at the same time, no Ottawa politician whose worthy of the great heritage present on by the likes of Mayor Charlotte Whitton. Mayor George Nelson and Mayor Den Reul can possibly stand readily by and say nothing as the federal government diverts private flows of money from downtown Ottawa to downtown Hull. "Obviously," Mayor Fogarty says, "they're going to try to change 112 years of Ottawa's being the capital." And you know, they just expect us to sit back and wait.

But regardless of what they do, Ottawa is not the seat of the government — unless they want to move parliament over to Hull, too.

Not surprisingly, the mayor of Hull, Marcel D'Astous, is not of Fillion's more social life like any other Hull politician's ability to off troubled waters.

He has described the chairman's role as anti-Canadian and, worse, anti-Hull. For the next 30 years, D'Astous has gleefully announced, "Ottawa will stand, her in the shade of Hull's rising influence."

Fillion, by experience and personality and conviction, could scarcely have been a better choice for what the current government wanted in an NCC chairman. He has unique insights into French-Canadian operations. In the course of an unconventional and, at times, sensational career as an economist, bond expert, financial writer, and general adviser on financial matters, Fillion served on several task forces for the government of Quebec. During the mid-1960s, he became a close friend of René Lévesque and other Liberal cabinet ministers in Quebec. "The frank and they heard that," he recalls. "They took in. They took me into their homes, and I was in on just about everything

... It's different in Ottawa, you know. It's not the same game at all. It's a matter of Fillion was born in Newfoundland and raised in Montreal, and for roughly 10 years he made his home in Ottawa. In the mid-1970s, he worked for the Gordon commission on Canada's economic prospects, and now — in addition to being a middle-aged rebel on paid about every public issue you care to raise — he is one of those still rare birds, the Rousseau-Canadian.

He is also tough. He'd been on the job at the NCC only a few months when some of the more respectable executives there either quit, or volitionally found themselves serving as "advisors" to the NCC and the prospect some of Fillion's substantial array of enemies to point out that see that interpersonal conflict can't even get along with his own staff. It's just according to one of the many NCC executives who's stayed on. Fillion is a fairly straightforward boss. "He's very straight, but he's

dominated individual." If you were around and told every single person in the room that they were stupid, then I suppose people could say that you were stupid yourself. He doesn't care. He does that sort of thing anyway. He's the perfect target for him to be the target, like a sort of a lightning type and, right now, everyone's telling him to shut up. This is dangerous.

In February, the lieutenant type told a committee of MPs that if there is a shortage did not like his statements. "They could tell me to get the hell out," and the news had barely settled among the city's own little NCC associates when several liberal MPs from the Ottawa area disputed that that was exactly what Fillion should be told. To get the hell out (Andrew Jones, Donald Macdonald, the member for Cape Breton-East Richmond, had already demanded in the Commons that Fillion be fired to prevent his derailing the capital, and John Deffenbacher had reprimanded Fillion for his

verbal sparring with the "unpopular" mayor of Ottawa). The senior member of the local Liberal caucus or, as some have it, "The local Liberal Mafia," is the Solicitor General and sometimes Acting Prime Minister, George Michael McMeekin and Fogarty are pretty good friends and, though no one likes to admit to being the one who asked Jean Marchand to fire Fillion, McMeekin has made it fairly clear that he regards the NCC chairman as an embarrassment and a damned nuisance.

McMeekin has talked about "neglect, indifference or wrong attitude" in the NCC, and he's said, "I don't see particularly about the NCC chairman on my on the other, but it is deeply very much the deterioration of relations between the federal authority dealing with the national capital and the provincial and municipal governments." Charles King commented in the Ottawa Citizen: "If Mr. McMeekin doesn't like Mr. Fillion because he offended some of his Liberal

gals at City Hall, he should say so, and not keep around the media with vague references to public disapproval over the NCC chairman's conduct." The long result of all this was a statement from Marchand that he had "no means not to support" Fillion and that, yes, you could say that Fillion was "not a good politician," but then the government hadn't hired him to be a good politician.

And, finally, it doesn't help matters much that Fillion has never been highly suspect of political behavior anyone knew before he took over as the chairman of the NCC in a newspaper column.

Mr. Macdonald, why don't you ask some of your former conferees on the backbenches if there is a system better equipped to settle the best brains and the best talent in the country than parliament itself? Parliament, he said, was a swamping bore. Long before he became the public servant with the most influence over the future of the City of Ottawa



Rue Préville runs into Rue Mackenzie in a 45-degree angle, just where Place du Portage is being built. Today, it is an awkward junction of the urban blight between town Hall, MCC chambers, Parliament's school of arts is above it, a park in which Rue Préville is a two-lane pedestrian road. Says Hull Mayor Marcel Desjardins: "For the next 10 years, Ottawa will suffer in the shade of Hull's indifference."



we," Fullerton told said that the people who should be running the city were not the lawyers and the insurance and "the fast-track operators" but, rather, the public servants. Mayor Fegarty is a lawyer and, in Fullerton's unfavorable opinion, city council is dominated by real-estate developers and speculators.

Desjardins has suggested that, even in a city of academics, the National Capital Commission has always seemed to be a facet of Colonel By. Fullerton's predecessors were mostly generals and lieutenant accountants. One of them, Major-General Blomfield Kennedy, spoke well so far as to call a parliamentary committee, that if Queen Victoria had not chosen Ottawa as the capital of the country then the city would have become merely "another Fredericton" (population about 16,000). But, in a role, the chairman of the National Capital Commission have followed as though they regarded Ottawa's relations with the city of Montreal as an end in itself. They have

to hold their fingers and, to the municipal fathers at Ottawa, Douglas Fullerton is something new, and many and highly respected. He usually talks as though he has the same inside rights as a politician and he has commanded the vote of his arrogant support for the federal works across the river in several striking ways.

Fullerton had scarcely sat down in his office in the autumn of 1968 when, against Fegarty's capricious wishes, he issued a statement on Ottawa's growth rate that amounted to a depressing and often resented of a housing rate to prove that both the city and the NCC itself had commissioned only a few months before. In Fullerton's view, it was his duty to warn Ottawa, and particularly building developers who wanted to rent out new office towers to the government, that "things are going to be hell of a lot slower in the Seventies than in the Sixties." He talked about the possibility of a "culture shock" and he

wanted that "people are going to go bankrupt." Downtown Ottawa, he thought, was heading for a crisis because the government's market for office space in the 1960s had returned "cheap second-rate, party-built office buildings that would soon become a commercial waste. All in all, it was not the sort of risk that anyone like to take."

Fullerton has also denounced "alliances between short-sighted municipal politicians and greedy developers." He has not only declared that new sewers for Hull are more important than more roads for Ottawa, he has threatened to close all the lovely green, flower-laden, actual federal parkways in Ottawa June for a week, of course, and put to show the city how heavily it depends on them.

The parkways are one of the NCC's more obviously beautiful achievements but they do bring all those sticky cars downtown and, if there's one thing that Douglas Fullerton hates more than the great beautiful splendor of the National

Capital Region, it's cars. He believes we are engaged in a furious war to the death against the automobile. He wants to ban free parking for civil servants, to ban all cars from certain downtown streets at certain hours to ban much of the central parking that strangles central Ottawa. He urges people to "protest, resist, and fight at every attempt of the planners to drive speedways through your homes or backyards." And, once again, in all of this, he fails to enter himself in these methods he says are running City Hall.

Fullerton's agonies over the past year have convinced him that no truly great progress can be made in the shaping of an inspired national capital until the provinces and the federal government go together to set out the overall jurisdictional map that has afflicted the area all through the history of Canada. The following anonymous influence on the development of the National Capital Region: the municipalities of Ottawa,

Hull, and roughly 20 other towns, the regional governments on both sides of the river, the provincial governments in Toronto and Quebec City, perhaps just departments of each of those governments and at least half a dozen agencies and departments of the federal government. "The national capital, Ottawa, has a dual distinction," Richard Bell told the Commons in 1964. "First, it is the third largest in a town that's unlike the jurisdiction of one of the member states." Do the Fathers of Confederation and make a laws error — an error that still haunts the whole jurisdiction — when they failed to include the capital in a special territory of its own? We have had, he said, the national capital area, a handful of years of administrative messes," says a senior official of the NCC. "Can you name the

anywhere else in the world, where other national capital, where there's anything that's equally messy? a challenge?" Fullerton says he doesn't want to deny people their democratic rights at the local level of government but, at the same time, he's not the sort of man who enjoys making plans he cannot implement. "This is really the guts of the problem," he says. "There's not much point in the NCC's making plans if it doesn't have the power to put them into effect." He believes there must be a supreme planning authority over the entire 1,000 square miles of the National Capital Region. One day last summer, Fullerton was considering the big map of Ottawa-Hull on a wall in his study, spreading it out and to look. "You know the planning of an urban area is never a democratic process. The planning of all great urban schemes has always been done in a fairly autocratic way. Perhaps it was just as well that Mayor Fegarty was not there to look over this



Douglas Fullerton's vision of a true national capital: A majestic bridge linking two cities, beautiful parks and a permanent Expo

This, friends, you see, is the artist's sketch on page 16 of our very first issue. It may well turn out to be the most important bridge in the history of Canada. It will cost about \$10 billion to build, but, in its capacity to find the country's togetherness, it could be cheap at the price. In a psychological sense, says Doug V. of the *Report Of The Royal Commission On Bilingualism And Biculturalism*, the Ottawa River is "perhaps the widest in Canada." Throughout most of its length, the Ottawa is also a fierce, impressive physical barrier, but there is a place where the north shore and the south shore dip toward each other, and expose the river in its middle, and almost make a pair of small islands. That spot is just east of the famous Chaudière Falls. (The little two-lane bridge that's near there is more than half a century old, and it shakes as the cars cross the river.)

The sawtooth in the river is a fine hand-drawn symbol from downtown Ottawa and a few hand-drawn words from downtown Hull, and the new bridge will step right across the water at exactly this central and dramatic point. "This bridge is a very special thing," says Douglas Fullerton, the chairman of the National Capital Commission. "It is essentially a road to join the cities of the two cities. But it is also a symbolic thing. A symbol of a marriage."

The marriage has been a very long time coming. Ottawa, the R and its report issues, "is essentially an Ottawa city." The heart of Hull is more than 90% French-speaking. "I feel that you just can't have a fair deal in the V-shaped part of the national capital," Fullerton says. A group of Hull francophones "I have lived in Ottawa north, 30 years and, like most Ottawans, I used to come to a certain sense of shame and even guilt at the disparities that exist between the north and the national capital of the Ottawa River."

Actually, it is by no means certain that most Ottawans share his sense of guilt. Many point out that Hull's inferior condition is a direct result of Quebec's ancient reluctance to allow federal buildings

on her territory. Charlotte Whelan agrees, somewhat tentatively if there's any disparity between the two cities. It's because "we built up Ottawa," and John DeLoraine, a sometimes-Ottawan, has said, "There is only one capital, and that is Ottawa, and this is not out in the construction."

The federal government is nevertheless determined to show, for the first time, that Canada's "one capital" is going to include both Ottawa and Hull, and this determination is the key not only to its currently nagged relations with the City of Ottawa but also to virtually all of its larger dreams for the future of the entire National Capital Region. The illustrations on these pages are a rough translation of some of those dreams.

The bridge, of course, is more than a dream. Jean Marchand announced its construction last spring. It will be a great driving station into Hull of Ottawa's Wellington Street. Wellington Street began just west of the Chaudière-Lachine Hotel. It's the address of the Peace Tower and Parliament buildings, of the Public Archives, the Supreme Court, and of some of the most developed and oldest government buildings in Ottawa. Its unexpected new direction will run its straight-on to Rue Manotouche, the main street of downtown Hull, and into the fine red sand of federal government office towers on the Quebec shore of the river. (The bridge has tentatively been named Portage Bridge.)

Already the first of these buildings is under construction at a complex to be known as Place du Portage. Its chief occupant will be the Department of Consumer Affairs. The government plans to follow up Place du Portage with at least two and possibly three more federal buildings and, within half a dozen years, there will be five or six thousand public servants going to work in them. In the meantime, the government's multi-billion-dollar plans for Hull have already inspired an international hotel chain to announce it will build a 15-story

hotel near Place du Portage, and the government of Quebec plans to erect courthouses and offices in the same area.

At the moment, one of the slacks that Portage Bridge will pass across is dominated by the works of the gigantic E. B. Eddy paper company, which also happens to be a massive publisher of the Ottawa River. E. B. Eddy controls roughly a half of the choice shoreline that's dominated by Parliament Hill and the other shoreline buildings that are up on the stone bluff on the Ottawa side of the river. Along this stretch, the paper company is almost as big a barrier between Ottawa and Hull as the river itself, and a far bigger one. The E. B. Eddy Company, says Douglas Fullerton, will have to go, and the sooner the better. (Two considerable problems prevent its immediate removal: the cost of the task, and the jobs of the 1,000 men who work at the mill.) The site of the E. B. Eddy paper company could become one of the most beautiful parks in Canada. There is no space in any of the capital cities of the world that offers so magnificent a view of the most expensive buildings in the country.

In addition to this extraordinary opportunity, there are no fewer than 250 spots of great view and just west of the point where Portage Bridge would turn to allow its way into Hull. This land, known as Lefebvre Flats, is at the very edge of the great V that will be formed by Wellington Street and the new road across the river. The federal government owns Lefebvre Flats, and again it's doubtful if there's any unrivaled capital, anywhere in the world, with so great a stretch of natural and wild land. Lefebvre Flats are a beautiful chance for inspired development.

And finally, perhaps the most inspiring possibilities lie in the two islands themselves. Expo 87 had to build its site in the St. Lawrence River. The islands for a permanent Canadian Expo, a powerful and complex and lyrical statement of everything that's best about Canada's life and heritage and art — are sitting right there in the middle of the Ottawa River, right at the heart of the capital, right where they have been growing before Christopher first came up the river. The eyes of one of the most notable planners at the National Capital Commission plus right over when he considers the possibilities for these islands and Lefebvre Flats together. Great Canadian restaurants. Great Canadian galleries. Great Canadian museums. Great Canadian movies and music and dancing, and everything. Every province would bring something. Every Canadian would belong there. "This curve," says Douglas Fullerton, pointing to the spot on a map where the bridge will pass over the islands and into Hull, "this curve is the national capital of the future." □



We have far more locations across Canada than any of our U.S.A. competitors, as our representative map shows. But you can't see the only difference between them and us. Tilden is an all-Canadian company. So we know all about Canadian winters and spring thaws. And how to equip

our cars for some of the worst driving conditions on the continent. We give you a bigger choice of new Chevrolets and Pontiacs to rent, or lease. Plus trucks and station wagons and camping vehicles and motorized cars. Our reservation system instantly links each local Tilden station with

all our 360 Canadian locations, and with our world-wide network of affiliates (in the U.S.A., it's National Car Rental). So, when we suggest you rent Tilden, don't do it just because we're Canadian. But because we can do more for you.

For more ideas, visit Tilden's new website: www.tilden.ca



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Is your advertising drowning in greasepaint?

Making television commercials is fun. You get to watch people running through mudholes, and on their soaping, rock groups do what's on track, and those crowd phrases like "one more time" and "microphone" and "re-cut the tape" and if you're really lucky, you even get to go to locations in the real!

Making your ads can sometimes be dull. You have to sit and stare at a tape-screen because the words don't sound right. You cannot do, tape around until the client likes it better, and then make it bigger. And you have to argue more

because people who don't know don't reverse the tapes when they're wrong about words and pictures.

A magazine promotion director recently fired off a letter to his agency which asked "How come when we receive a TV commercial there are always 15 people in the screening room, and when we're trying to close a deal it's just me and the poor damn print production guy?"

But magazine promotion directors can't be blamed, either. Square old stars, with curls on their pasted-on faces in their shows, get that greasepaint in their eyes too. They go to the bathroom. They look in the mirror. They dig the same.

All this talk is a just not question. Granted that TV is a potent advertising medium. But might not the best of these

be the clearest, bold, honest, advertising judgment?

Print advertising isn't a new world, but the print advertising world, Ask Nohda Electronics (NCR and Pacesetter).

Then ask your agency to do a print campaign. No Don't ask it. Order it. And give them hell if it's not good.

And when it's good, run it. Prepared for The Magazine Advertising Bureau of Canada to help promote business.

Consult and signed by Young & Rubicam. Because we're afraid it's true.



It's worth a second glance, it should be in magazines.

A ride on the wild side.



In South Africa, you can take a trip through the wild without the noise of the wild.

You climb in your car and drive off, at 50-60 miles an hour, through landscapes that look like it belongs on another planet.

You discover you're playing hide-and-seek with the animals. It's a game of endless variety, full of fantastic surprises.

Yes, twenty, or a hundred animals come bounding gracefully across the road.

You turn a sharp bend and surprise a giraffe snubbing at the tender tip of a tree. Or a small herd of elephants lumbering into the bush.

Your guide knows every hide-away. With his help you penetrate the disguises of camouflage.

He points out a cheetah leaping

through the underbrush. Or a lion leaping out of a thicket whose wings flash like jewels in flight.

You see snakes, lions, wild abouts, water buffaloes, kudu, warthogs, hippos. And all sorts of animals with strange names—ostriches, periwinkles, kudu, giraffes.

It's possibly the most exciting ride of your life. And while you're out there, you have the comforts of home—surrounded by the wild.

In this, South Africa is almost unique. Because it doesn't simply consist of bush or desert or jungle, each in its place, but in vast parts of the continent. It contains all of it.

Against the primitive background, you get the attractions of South Africa's great modern cities—Johannesburg, Durban, Cape Town.

Prices for shopping in these places, for instance, are unbelievably low. Only 25 cents for a bottle of wine—a wine.

Or two dollars for a fantastic Zulu meal.

In fact, it's hard to live so cheaply and well here for about \$2000 a day.

Precisely everybody speaks perfect English.

The fastest, easiest way to go is with South African Airways. A Boeing 327 Stratojet will whisk you down from New York via the most direct route.

To get the most out of your stay, see your travel agent. And let him tell you about the wild nights in South Africa. A lot of them are not in the bush.

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the aging sheds to mingle gently in the cask over a long period of time. And each year the same thing happens. A goodly portion of our precious mixture vanishes into thin air. Our caskmen have done it again. They've built us oaken casks that are just porous enough to let some of our Scotch evaporate. And let the rest of it grow smoother and mellower in the process. All in all, we think it's worth it. True, we lose a lot of whisky. But we gain a lot of friends.

Between our blenders and our caskmen, we lose a million gallons of whisky a year.



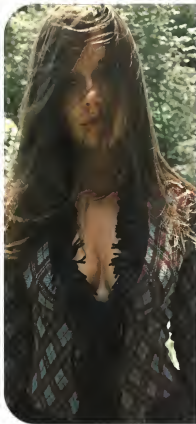
The more you know about Scotch, the more you like Ballantine's.

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Let us explain.

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Whoops! There Goes Another Erogenous Zone— And The '71 Girl Is Back To Front

BY MARJORIE HARRIS

Photographed by David Mages and Mike Sims

FOR SOME, THE CALIFORNIA fashion that fashion critics say women wear this fall are obscuring not only the legs, so long lauded by menstrators but also the power of The Shifting Erogenous Zone, but surprisingly most men perhaps unaware of the academic concept involved are a little bewildered by the fact that we such women seem to be saying, "You can't look at our legs any more. Try the torso for a change."

The Shifting Erogenous Zone theory began with psychologist J. C. Pigeon who in 1930 pointed out that even as a legist since by changing fashions. They draw men's attention first to one part of the female body, then another. In the 1940s, when men's eyes were drawn to superexposed exposure of leg and thigh by introducing the mod designers have covered legs — and are producing clothes that emphasize the torso.

In effect, designers of the male and the woman who adopt it are telling men "Raise your sights, you've had so much women that legs are no longer exciting."

This coincides with the beliefs of fashion analyst Lucien Laver. He says that as well as erogenous zones, women have covered zones — overexposed areas revealed by a fashion on its way out. The erogenous zone is the one emphasized by the wife covering it. Laver can even say the modist who has exhibited an accumulation of erotic capital.

If Laver and Pigeon are right, the power shift in emphasis is completely natural and all the elements mentioned above have something to do with what's going

Modestly John Wooden designed the mod for his new Dumbarton Line. He, and girls who wear it, are saying, "Raise your sights again — legs aren't our only more

...to get women back into long skirts and back to bougains and wreats.

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a green dress and tall boots, is lying on her back on a large, mossy log in a forest. She is looking up at the sky with her arms outstretched. The forest floor is covered in green foliage and fallen leaves.



The Revealing Canadian Compulsion To Say G F D B & F

THE
MAGLAIN'S
GOLDFARB
REPORT



When the HAMILTON Tiger Cats met the Ottawa Rough Riders in this season's Canadian Football League opener, CTV's slogan "Canadians only" limited the range of the Hamilton bench. One ladies' sweater, CFL commissioner Julie Goodson, spent the rest of the game trying to gloss the private network's racist act at Lansdowne Park. "I recognized those voices at once and I know what to expect," said Goldfarb. "I happened, all right — some words that shouldn't be heard by a television audience."

It doesn't, on the face of it, take a former general manager of the T-Cats to realize that most football players are among the seven out of 10 Canadians who commonly swear. But Goodson's concern was simply to allow when viewers swapped their own attitudes with profanity about the rally language. Clearly, swearing is still a highly charged issue in Canada because of that, swearing and our reactions to it reveal a good deal about how we respond to one another, she'll have us live.

"The football players who were being played by the reality of their frustration," says sociologist Martin Goldfarb. "Goodson was trying to rein-

away from reality as with the players who expressed shock and dismay. Swear-words are things we like to talk, swearing is expressed we like to think does not exist. This is a symptom of our unwillingness to face simple truth."

The third Maclean's-Goldfarb Report — a survey of Canadian lifestyle in the 1970s based on national statistics, policy by a leading social-research firm — concludes profanity is an indicator of several social and not acceptable traits. The act of swearing, in itself, suggests a deeply revealing of the Canadian people's personality because of the discomfort of our attitudes toward it. "Although people really do not want to swear," says Goldfarb, "they have many personal restraints. These restraints are understood by the Canadian's personality as a sublimation."

Goldfarb sees the male spread use of swearing as an essentially functional, conservative mechanism — "a form of harmless hostility and release" — rather than a denotation to Canadian of race. He suggests that swearing is something "he should not say too often to reveal his daily conversation."

Who swears in Canada?

A big majority — 62% — of Canadians admit to the use of swearwords. More men admit to swearing than women; more single people than married; more younger Canadians than their elders; and more people of high income than low-paid workers. Goldfarb, only private residents say they never swear. Quebecers lead.

What Goldfarb calls "the streamers" — aggressive salary earners in the \$4,000 to \$12,000 bracket — are most willing to talk about their swearing in a positive way. "They relate to it extremely well," says Goldfarb. "But people who make less than \$4,000 and residents of Quebec are reluctant to say that swear, even though we know they do. Realistic and self-confidence increase with income."

Another table told should demonstrate a painful pattern in the frequency of swearing. That, men swear more often than women; single men more often than married. One of 10 Canadians swears daily, three in 10 daily.

DO YOU EVER USE SWEAR WORDS OR PROFANITY?

	Yes	No
TOTAL	65	35
SEX		
MEN	68	32
WOMEN	52	48
MARRIED	58	42
SINGLE	75	25
ENGLISH	76	24
FRENCH	58	42
UNDER 25	77	23
25-45	75	25
OVER 45	60	40
SOME HIGH SCHOOL	66	34
UNIVERSITY	71	29
UNDER \$4,000	62	38
\$4,000-\$8,000	69	31
\$8,000-\$12,000	74	26
\$12,000-\$16,000	70	30
OVER \$16,000	78	22
BRITISH COLUMBIA	76	24
PRAIRIES	87	13
ONTARIO	80	20
QUEBEC-ENGLISH	89	11
QUEBEC-FRENCH	58	42
WARTIMES	72	27



Why do we swear?

Most people — 62% — believe swearing is just a habit. There is less agreement that it overcomes an inability to communicate. Only four out of 10 agree "swearing" that swearing releases hostility. Those who tend to agree are young, single, university educated, English speaking, and those whose incomes are \$12,000.

We encounter reluctance among large segments of society to talk about the positive effects of swearing. Goldfarb: "These people will not consider profanity as a device to reduce interpersonal violence."

But responses to "swearing makes me feel good because..." draw us in. "Swearing gives me a sense of control," says one. "It just helps me let off steam. It cuts my tension time when I cut my tension time better." (A young accountant in Winnipeg.) "When I feel very angry and swear without thinking it is basic to me." (A Montreal sales man.)

Who swears in mixed company?

Amazingly, the timing of the age of men has had little effect on the traditional view of swearing in front of the opposite sex. Nine out of 10 Canadians of both sexes do not swear. Exceptions are found among the young, single, well-educated, English speaking, those whose incomes are between \$10,000 and \$12,000 and the residents of B.C. Goldfarb: "His claim that the Women's Liberation movement will be frustrated for years until women's participation of their own role is gone to change." For the table shows that the overwhelming majority of Canadian women are determined to keep doing the way men expect them to behave.

Swearing makes me angry. (A French speaking Montrealer.) "I just don't like it. It's not nice or necessary." (A high school senior, Mississauga, Ontario.)

"I don't think much of women who swear at all." (A male computer programmer, Winnipeg.)



What shocks us?

Swearing is shocking — even by the opposite sex — by quantity alone. Shock by quantity alone is not the only shock. Shock by quality alone is not the only shock. Shock by quantity alone is not the only shock. Shock by quality alone is not the only shock.

Swearing is shocking — even by the opposite sex — by quantity alone. Shock by quantity alone is not the only shock. Shock by quality alone is not the only shock. Shock by quantity alone is not the only shock.

Does swearing excite us?

Negative response to a question about swearing is a social stimulus was almost as strong — 54% — as positive response to the question about swearing in front of the opposite sex. "Clearly, swearing does not have any exciting connotations," says Goldfarb. "We're using words that may have sexual connotations, but we're not using them in the context of sexual intercourse with each other."

The tendency to disagree that swearing is a social stimulus is somewhat weaker among men; young people under 25 and older people (50 and over) and single Canadians.

Where should we swear?

The current difficulty of Canadian attitudes toward swearing is nowhere better illustrated than in our attitudes to this question. Asked to rate (on an acceptability scale of from one to five) a number of places and circumstances where it might be tolerable to swear, Canadians — seven out of 10 of whom commonly believe in profanity — indicated that no place or circumstance was acceptable. The first choice, a beer parlor, was rated only 2.3 on the scale and almost half of the choices received an acceptability rating of less than one.

IS SWEARING ACCEPTABLE IN THE FOLLOWING SITUATIONS? HOW WOULD YOU RATE ITS ACCEPTABILITY ON A COMPARATIVE SCALE?

	Rating of Acceptability (maximum 5.0)
Beer parlor	2.3
Telling a joke	2.0
Fighting, hunting	1.9
Playing cards	1.7
Watching games	1.6
Mixed party	1.1
Bedroom	0.7
Office	0.6
Public work	0.6
Show more	0.5
School	0.3



IF YOU HEAR A MALE ADULT, A FEMALE ADULT, A TEEN-AGER OR A CHILD SWEARING, WHICH OF THE FOLLOWING APPLY?

	MAN	WOMAN	TEEN-AGER	CHILD
Not shocked at all	45	34	35	31
Some shock, but not much	50	57	48	50
Part of daily conversation at work or school	48	23	30	16
Part of daily conversation at home	28	19	19	12

OK, Lois Lane—Go Get The Dope On The Boys On The Bench

Text and Photographs/Cathy Winters



THE THING THAT most fascinates me—and I suspect a lot of other women basketball fans—is not so much the game itself (I never really knew what happened until my date took me on the way home) but the utter, arrogant, challenging, mass polarity of the bench. The players, bench. One of North America's last available preserves. For then, only last fall, I invaded that preserve. I went to a Toronto-Saskatchewan game, wearing my second-best min-armor with a camera and press card.

A fat man in a navy blue coat stood at the gate, his belly bulging over his belt. I watched him for a while. Everyone who passed through the turnstile had a blue press card to show him. I dug into my pocket and pulled out mine. It was blue.

The fat man didn't notice me—I sat on. He was standing right under his belt. His brows narrowed and he spoke, almost politely.

"Look, lady, no cameras on the floor. That's the rule."

But I've got a press card. I've never let a woman in before, and I



don't intend to steal with you," he belatedly wiping away a trace of yellow from his face. That was enough. No fit man with mustard on his lip was going to steal my chances of seeing the second batch. I pushed past, saying a prayer and in his face and stride on to the field with as much intention — I imagine — as the firefighters who got her first shot.

The sideline was a long stretch of mud. Men photographing in shiny green leather coats sauntered past me, cameras swinging from their necks. In the center three camel-clothed officials pulled on fat cigars and nodded approvingly to catches. They left me in wide corners and downwind.



Between, distant about running water buckets to one end of the bench and towels to the other.

It was still raining when the players ran on to the field. A roar of screams and yells and howling horns broke out and soaked across the stands. I raised my hand. Millions of people seemed to be stacked in the sky wedged together in a collage of newspaper hats, green plastic bags and umbrellas. Another roar. The game was on. I felt very alone, standing there in my rain. Men kept their distances, without losing me as they would a pebble in the sidewalk. But before I could turn and run a young bearded photographer (who called himself Eddie) yelled, "Hey, girls, watch out! I dropped aside, just making a safe retreat, conscious of these players as they strid across the mud.

Bearded Eddie took me under his wing in this protective male manner that exists (I think) only even in a woman's world to provide if necessary. For the first quarter, I moved along the field with him, covering the plays. It seemed to be the professional way of doing things. We'd all report on the plays — up and down up and down for every play of the game. (That the smallest thing to do in a man's.) A man in a red outfit took played our group, but each time I turned around to find his camera in my face. I barely asked him what he thought he was doing. From his nose, I gathered it was the money of it all.

At half time, Bearded Eddie disappeared into the crowd to get a coffee. He never came back. I pulled out my brown bag at five and released the camera. The players were gone back from the dressing room and it was time to rejoin the bench. I wandered over to one of the little water boys at white uniforms. He was standing on the sideline with his arm wrapped around Member 66, comforting him. Number 66

was in bag man. His wrists were bound in thick white tape wrapped so tightly that his fingers dug into his forearms from the knuckles. He didn't seem to mind the little boy at his waist. I'd never really thought of football players as inflexible. But



they never seemed to break a leg or a stick on the backside at the bench. In fact they were doing things I'm sure they'd never do in a jacket and tie.

The other players were now crowding the field, shouting and shaking their arms. "Come on, ref, have an eye here on eye."

"Stop! Here! Stop! Here! Stop!" I couldn't see the field over their paid dirt bodies so I walked to the bench. A body number 64 sat at the end, staring through a mesh of metal that looked like a screen but a hard dog had a glimpse.



But when he turned he had been. Blood poured from his face. His left hand was stuffed up the inside of a blue sweater. Suddenly he got up and ran on to the field with the others. Another group charged off. Number 76, he looked like cutting from under his helmet, lunged to guard the bench, pushing us into the arms



of number 57. 75 was very polite about it, shaking himself uninvolved.

57 showed a little more interest. What the hell is it girl like you doing in a place like this? Flattered. I adjusted my hair and was about to explain when the whistle blew and he went back to the field.

I watched the water boy in white run for a while. He seemed to like the players — rubbing their shoulders, drying their faces, and scolding water down their throats with an oversized pail. The strange thing was the players never seemed to swallow the water. Just as they

never used a handkerchief to blow their noses. Now and then I'd catch the eye of a player staring out the corner of his helmet. It was the same look my brother gave me when I announced I was going to join the football club when I was 12.

By the fourth quarter I was sitting on the bench. It was a quiet quarter. The players weren't saying too much, even though they were sweating. I heard them for 30 min. them in and out of the bathroom.



In a shower of gold, I almost without heard of Eddie went back, shaking me up and down the sidelines.

Next day at work I had a call from the Arsenal office. The voice on the other end was calm. We can't have women like you down on the field. It's something to the players. The firm can't concentrate and the photographers miss the game, wondering what you are doing. Click.

The following week I went to the game anyway, but this time I left my shoe at home. Instead I wore a pea green army shirt knotted at the top with a blue wool tie. My hair was brushed tightly out of sight under a plaid meringue cap. A pipe poked from the side of my mouth, blowing smoke into the face of the fat men at the gate. He said I was an idiot.

I stood on to the field, bouncing along like a young boy. Hands shook in my pockets and camera twinged from my neck. I joined the photographers moving up and down the field. I seemed once to resist my camera. As it was bending over, I noticed a familiar shadow cast mine on the ground in front. Sure enough — there was the peaked cap, pistol and policeman.

"What are you doing down here?" Where's your pass?

I couldn't give up the game now. I rummaged in my father's jacket pocket for the blue card it seemed miles out of reach (Golds are lost four). When I found it, I showed it over his hand. He handed it back, his eyes slightly colder and less curious. I guess he thought I'd seen my last battle.

I went back to the bench. It was louder this time. I saw the water boy in white running and wondered if he recognized me. The players obviously didn't. It was like being in the midst of a pack of buffaloes, with everyone snorting and huffing and clearing. Their cloths burn mud and grass. The smell of sweat and Absolut Junior hung in the air. The landscape was as strong as the mud.

Why you mother ref? Got his head off.

What the f—? For Christ's sake, get that ball



I blushed, obviously. I'd heard those words before, but only as the new female — a loathed one entertaining a so-called sportsman. "Never appeared as a man in male company." Suddenly, I wanted to tear my hat off and yell, "Hey, you bastards, there's a woman around here!" Instead, I was faced in the face with a wet towel from the belt of a player charging off the field. By the time the game was over I was bruised and deflated with no idea of what the score was or who was playing.

My final collaboration with the bench was at the Gray Cup game in Montreal. As always, the French showed their great cheer and understanding of women. "C'est inimaginable, you may have a card to photograph the game."

I arrived at the large marble entrance to the Chateau Champlain, a battered suburban in one hand and a camera in the other — able to take the both into down-boss-in-up westland of Gray Cup.

But it wasn't until the following morning that I really learned what Gray Cup was all about. I awoke at six, my stomach rumbling and clanking the sidewalk, wet and lightheaded from the night before. By 12:30 I'd recovered enough to swell a steak and egg sandwich. The host had been buzzing. Men strode around in the rec center they'd won the day before. Some of them were getting into taxis. Then came the sudden, great realization — the game was not at two but one.

I arrived at the south entrance of the stadium, two minutes before the kickoff. The game was much the same as the others, but for the sudden entrance of a middle-aged man wrapped in a crinkled cap and scarf with a red carnation behind his left ear. At half time, he walked by me, clearing path and smiling. What he



saw my camera, he let me take a picture, stepped a little closer and said "Boo."

The game ended with Ottawa the winners. I walked out of the stadium slowly, one of the last to leave. Maybe I'll never see another football game from the bench, but I still hold the honor of being the only girl photographer ever, to be teased by Pierre Elliott Trudeau. □

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Last May I faced a complex and deeply disturbing problem. For the first time I had failed to menstruate on schedule. As I began to accept the fact of pregnancy, I also began to realize that as this point in my life I definitely didn't want to become a mother. I had taken reasonable precautions not to become pregnant. But I was. And so, like thousands of other women in Canada every year, I began to think seriously about an abortion.

To many doctors, my case for an abortion may not seem strong. I am a healthy 25-year-old woman living in Toronto. I am happily married, have a good education and come from a fairly affluent background. Since I graduated from university two years ago, I have been working toward a career in television journalism. Meanwhile my husband Ron has been completing his law degree and doing first-time broadcasting on the side. Although neither of us wanted a child, having one would not have imposed an intolerable burden — economic or social — on us. But I was also convinced that I would have little trouble arranging an abortion.

I was wrong. In the next few weeks I came to understand that I had joined a legion of the socially damned. I learned that despite our supposedly liberal abortion law, Canadian society retains a stereotypical attitude to the plight of the unwanted pregnancy. And I became angry enough to decide to write this article. For me, a determined and more than ordinarily articulate woman, finding to abort proved to be an exercise in anguish. These low-mach moments of harrowing and humiliating the ordeal must be for women in less fortunate circumstances who, because of lack of money, self-confidence or information, have none of my advantages.

Ron and I didn't want to have a child at this point. We hadn't been so for our own very long and were just beginning to develop as independent adults. We weren't a family some 200 feet from me, and I was just the kind of us, to get organized. It takes more than an unexpected pregnancy to make parents out of a couple of fairly uncommitted and unprepared young people.

We both value the freedom we enjoy now. Ron can afford some time to decide what he wants to do. I like my work and would never want to give it up. And his years in school had cost money and left us with a considerable debt. We had agreed long ago that in the event of an unwanted pregnancy the best solution would be a safe, nongestational abortion. When the reality was upon us, the decision was almost automatic — only a tiny reality that tempts.

I'm married, happy, and went through Hell for a legal abortion

BY ROBERTA SQUIRE



I soon came to feel that my chances for a legal abortion under last year's Criminal Code provisions were bleak. The new provisions empower three-doctor committees in approved hospitals to allow therapeutic abortions when the patient's life or health is endangered by the disease. I spoke to two women — married, healthy and reasonably stable — who had been turned down flat by hospital committees. I was told repeatedly that a committee would reject me unless I had a serious health problem or a history of psychological breakdowns.

An illegal abortion looked more hopeful. Several people mentioned a competent doctor who performed abortions in Montreal but nobody knew how to get in touch with him. I met a professor who had been in the law pages. I was also uneasy about the risk and the cost of an illegal abortion. Most significantly, I was upset about the idea of putting myself outside my

own doctor's care. I badly wanted help and advice.

I had made an appointment with my own doctor as soon as I realized I was pregnant. By the day of the appointment I was beginning to feel pained. I kept imagining the doctor's reaction to a request for help would be horror and disgust. In the event, he was merely professional and noncommittal. When I told him I wanted a therapeutic abortion he suggested a clinic in London, England. When I said that was impossibly expensive (it would cost some \$3000 in air fare and medical fees), he advised me to try Toronto General Hospital. I said I didn't think the committee would take me. He said he was confident the abortion committee at his own hospital, Mount Sinai, would accept me. Unfortunately, however, he wouldn't be able to get me a bed at the hospital for three months. He didn't think I should wait — abortion procedures

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become much more complicated and risky after the 12th week of pregnancy. Neither did I.

When I mentioned the Montreal abortionist, he said I could probably get the phone number through the registrar-general's confidential advisory bureau at the University of Toronto. He wasn't in a position to meet this glibbed risk. "The way around this doctor work is I just don't know. If you do go to Montreal, make an appointment to see me as soon as you get back so I can check you out."

I left with mixed feelings. I was relieved that I had shared my problem with my doctor, but shaken by his lack of any sense of obligation to help me. It was as though seeking an abortion wasn't a medical problem but more of a personality quirk.

Montreal seemed the best bet. I eventually found the phone number through a friend, a member of a women's liberation group in Toronto. The New Feminists. I knew that the was often involved in helping people find abortion. She answered me about the Montreal operation and said the doctors were incredibly close, reproach. "The entire process is handled privately," she said. "The people there are pleasant and encouraging."

I told her about my visit to my doctor and how I felt so abandoned by the people I had learned to depend on. He still seemed incredible that I had lost all right to assistance. Obviously this was not the first time she had heard these frustration expressed. She was familiar with all the different kinds of fear and despair that women seeking abortion face. But this time it was me. This wasn't an other "anonymous" discussion about a particularly dehumanizing and brutal social situation, it was something that involved me personally. For the first time in my life, I was the victim of an unjust social condition.

I made a call to the Montreal number the next morning. I had been cautious not to mention the words "abortion," "doctor" or even "pregnancy." A girl answered and I immediately asked for a name I had heard from. She said in a relaxed and friendly way, "That's okay. You can talk to me. I can help you." I began to describe my situation, vague about coming to Montreal, feeling awkward and a bit frightened. She said she understood and asked me when I could come to Montreal, how I would get there and estimated roughly all the necessary arrangements. She told me that abortion in Montreal cost \$700 and I should have it with me as cash. Just before I rang off she added, "Try

not to worry about anything. The doctors are very, very good and we all want to help you."

She and I planned to make the weekend in Montreal as enjoyable as possible. As we were driving down on Friday morning, however, my spirit began to sag. It was going to cost a great sum of money in an apartment and a breakfast, a meal with my physical and emotional health just because I didn't want to have a baby. I was almost in tears when we parked the car.

We walked around for a while and then went up to the apartment. Mary, the girl I had spoken to on the phone, greeted us at the door, asked me who I was and told me I'd better go into the living room and sit down with everyone else. There were 10 girls all apparently younger than myself. It was clear from their expression that they were all desperate. There were a few boyfriends or boyfriends hanging back at the hallway. All the women looked up and around when I came in. I think we all felt almost instant sympathy for one another.

Mary found my name on a list she had. "Did I someone get in touch with you last night?" she asked. I said I had. She said she had called the night before. She took a deep breath and began to explain. The previous evening one of the doctors had been asked at his office by the Montreal police and charged with performing an illegal operation. The other doctors who had taken appointments to do abortions now refused to co-operate. They had refused to see anyone or to help in any way. Mary had cried. She had pleaded, threatened and begged them but they were adamant.

"I think I should also tell you," she added, that I have no idea what to expect next. I have been working with the doctors for quite a while. The police may have my name and they may come here. I'll let you all leave as soon as possible but I want you to listen to what I have to say first."

The fear and anxiety I had felt over the prospect of having my abortion was nothing compared to what I felt now at the prospect of not getting it. I had no idea what I could do next. I sat there thinking this same thing over and over in a useless, hysterical way.

Eventually, Mary began to talk again. She wanted to find out from each girl in the room where she was from, how much it had cost her to get to Montreal, how many weeks pregnant she was. She was going to do her best to help us. "You'll all find an abortion somewhere and a good one," she said. "We put a question of where and how much it is going to cost you."

The girls had come from all over the United States and Canada. One girl had flown up from Boston, had no money problem but was only 17. She couldn't get a legal abortion anywhere without her parents' consent and she refused to tell them. A 16-year-old girl from Toronto said the idea of her parents finding out made her hysterical. I began to realize that, of all the girls in the room, I probably had the most going for me.

I listened to Mary trying to be encouraging. "Go home, get in touch with us again at Women's Lib at this number. She knows what has happened and she will try to help you." She must have had contacts and phone numbers for almost all the large cities in the United States and Canada.

She spent the next 10 minutes describing the horrors of back-street abortions. "No matter how you feel right now, let me assure you that nothing is worth sacrificing your life for."

Mary obviously felt personally responsible for what happened. I could imagine the pressure she was under. The telephone rang every two or three minutes until she finally left it off the hook. Each time it was someone asking about an abortion. And all the time the most basic thing was wondering what was going to happen to her — whether or not she would be bothered by the police or even arrested. She said she was an unpaid volunteer and she went back up partly all her time.

The few of us who had stayed to have us with her tried to cheer one another up. I began to feel an awful shy. Mary was breaking her neck to help everyone and to keep our secret. I would just have to pull myself together. Mary seemed to believe that it might be possible to get an abortion in a hospital in Toronto. I agreed to try.

When we left the apartment, I felt guilty. I had known about this situation for quite a while. Yet I had waited until I became a victim before I was prepared to do anything to help. I hoped I would remember that afternoon in Montreal for a long time, not long that I was no longer personally threatened by an unwanted pregnancy. I hoped I would remember it until such situations don't exist any longer. Ten very young girls, frozen with worry and almost out of their minds with fear — and in the end of my mind the knowledge there are thousands of others like them.

The day after we got back to Toronto, I met Mary, a contact Mary had told me about at a Toronto health conference. She was a young woman who can't or won't talk to their doctors about the subject. She

continued on page 54

MEXICO



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ABORTION continued
he wouldn't give his recommendation I abandoned this idea as I was going into his office. I left my best chance by us being completely honest. He questioned me for about an hour about my prof, my background, my family, my courtship and marriage. He was likable and pleasant. Finally he asked me why I wanted this abortion and I told him as carefully as I could.

He then explained that according to the letter of the law he was to establish whether having a child would be dangerous to my mental health. In that case, he would be looking for a history of mental breakdowns and psychiatric counseling. I didn't have such a background. I asked him if he would just take my word for it. He laughed and said no to that. What he had really wanted to determine was whether there was anything in my background to cause him to question my decision and my attitudes toward this abortion. I had no strong religious training or childhood traumas that might cause me to suffer any undue psychological reactions to an abortion. I was to expect a call the next day from the hospital social worker.

She called in the morning and the news was "the best." I could have my abortion. I was to be admitted that weekend and would be a free woman by late next week. For the first time in almost two months I was able to truly relax. The tremendous pressure was off at last!

Now that we knew what we were doing, Ron and I felt the need to spend the next few days together discussing and re-evaluating our decision. We had become preoccupied with trying to find the solution. Now that the pressure was off I found my attitudes had changed a lot. When I first realized I was pregnant, the whole thing had seemed academic. I was prepared to consider the problem physically but not emotionally. The solution had seemed simple. But it wasn't. And as I began to realize the position I was in, I had become frightened and depressed. In that frame of mind, I wanted to do much personal and abstract thinking. Now that I knew I could have an abortion, I could afford the luxury of once again questioning if I really wanted one.

We could hardly consider it as an abortion should be considered, as a very intimate and personal decision for two people trying to live in the best way they know how. Being together and going over our decision in the last few days was a very special time for us. We finally decided that the abortion really was what we wanted. □

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Living next to the smothering American giant is risky business, especially since he's only vaguely aware you're there and really doesn't understand you. One thing we've always needed is a powerful voice speaking for us at the centre of power, Washington. We have one: Senator Mike Gravel of Alaska is smart, bilingual, the offspring of Canadian parents — and he needs us as much as we need him.

BY WALTER STEWART



BECAUSE WE LIVE in the smothering embrace of the United States, Canada badly needs a powerful advocate in Washington, an American voice speaking for us at the heart of the U.S. power structure. If we could, say, pick our own senator, we might begin to make the U.S. understand our peculiar problems on the northern half of a continent they regard as their own. Ideally, this senator should be from some noncontested state and his politics should be moderate — liberal enough to accept Canada's views on NATO and Red China, conservative enough to escape the brand of incoherence (Americans seldom use *enough*, but say there little head). It would be nice if his parents had been Canadians, fortunate if he happened to speak French.

Meet Maureen Robert (Miles) Gravel (pronounced Grahwell), the Democratic senator from Alaska, who is 40, smart, bilingual and the offspring of Canadian parents. On top of the qualifications I have laid down, Gravel has two others, equally important. In the first place, he would like to be president some day, which means he isn't afraid to be paradoxical in the second, because he represents Alaska. Gravel needs us as much as we need him. Alaska is perched on Canada's shoulder, cut off from the American mainland; our co-operation is essential to her, especially since the oil strikes in Prudhoe Bay, the profitable exploration of which will turn an efficient transport, much of it across our land and through our seas.

Since his short career as senator began in January 1969, Gravel has spoken out on two subjects of vital interest to Canada. And he has said exactly what we wanted to see, much more. Namely, this: one of our diplomats would have dared. On August 5, 1969, in his maiden speech to the United States Senate, he attacked the Anti-Ballistic Missile system, the immense money that would use, as the first line of American defense, nuclear explosions over Canadian soil. Gravel argued that the ABM was unworkable and unnecessary. "Of all our options," he said, "there seems to be the one most likely to fail completely and catastrophically." On September 23, 1969, he wrote a strongly worded letter to President Nixon protesting a proposed nuclear explosion on the Aleutian island of Adak, an explosion that was worrying both Canadian and Alaskan authorities, for fear it might set off an undersea earthquake. While our government was shyly expressing its concerns to the U.S. State Department, Gravel was telling Nixon: "If it is your desir-

son to explode this bomb . . . I am constrained to say Mr. President that it is the event of a tragedy you will be held accountable."

Gravel was on the losing side in both these battles, but he spoke, clearly for both Canada and Alaska. Not just Canada! — I'm not contending that Alaskans are fully as sensitive about overheard explosions and undersea earthquakes as we are, it made good politics for Gravel to take strong stands that happened to coincide with Canadian views. And that's my point: this man is useful to us because, in general, he has the same interests. But because he's a nice guy.

Sail, since Gravel comes as close as anyone ever has to serving as a kind of Senator from Canada, and as a bridge between our country and his own (he has already made two trips to the capital, dined heavily with Prime Minister Trudeau, and exchanged views with a handful of cabinet ministers), the kind of guy he is matters enormously to Canadians. Walk this in mind. I went to see Gravel in Washington. I spent some of a week crunched in his office, dugged him along the Senate halls, interviewed his staff. His friends, his boyhood chums, and wound up with two long sessions of talk with the senator, stories for funnier than any I ever have with Canadian politicians.

Out of all that I hoped to get some idea of what Gravel is like, and what he thinks about Canada and our current crop of politicians. When I try to set down the first of these ideas, I find myself somewhat baffled. I can tell you what Gravel looks like, and what he seems, but you'd better decide for yourself what he is. Let's begin with what he looks like. With his thick, black hair, perfectly checked features and like build, he looks like a movie star or the man in a collar ad, or the smooth-tongued insurance agent you meet now. His clothes are perfectly cut, impeccably kept, and just enough in the way of logos to let you know that the senator is a swinger — but still a senator. The first, he jokes out to emphasize his point, as if he were for ever trying somebody's doorbell, is scripturally inscribed the bear, with just the right flick of grey around the temples; never varies from its appointed place (he even keeps a tube of makeup handy in case anyone should find suddenly in respect or enthusiasm) like has an ingratiating smile, which he uses as convincingly and effectively as a well-timed satirical might was a waggish humor. The senator is conscious of his own reason — "I have a certain interest in



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charm," he told me — and showed it in me. I used to be affable to everybody, but it would a lot of time take if I don't take to a guy. I just shake him down and push him out the door."

I'm edging over now to what the Senator seems, and certainly part of what he seems is success. Take, for instance, the fact of John Kennedy's step a hurry in his legs, very well-suspended office. Actually, Gravel is no great admirer of Kennedy. "Jack was a bit of a candy-ass in terms of getting legislation through," he told me. Gravel's real reason appears to be two much earlier presidents: Andrew Jackson ("Because at the age of 30 he could still say, 'Sicem, you' to the buckles") and Franklin Delano Roosevelt ("Because of his kindness").

Take, too, Gravel's stance on the Vietnam war. When he was running in the Democratic primary in 1968, his opponent was the incumbent, Senator Ernest Gruening, an ancient and outspoken elder, Alaska in a hawkins state, and Gravel knew it, he also knew that most of the young people who made up his natural constituency were done, so he shaped his statements to say, "We may be in Vietnam as the result of a mistake, but the question now is not why we're there, but how to get out honorably." This allowed him to vote for him — and did not drive off the hawks. Today, Gravel says Vietnam was a mistake, and he supports the war, not against it. His shift parallels the shifting of American resistance to the war, and might lead a cynic to observe that the difference between a flawed candidate and a merely compromised politician may be as little as the taken eye.

A combination of cunning and candor came bubbling through the Senator's account of an impending deal between Canada's communications satellite. Gravel considers such a satellite to be essential for his remote state, but has begun to despair of his own nation ever picking it up. Canada, however, expects to have Telstar built by 1972, why couldn't Alaska lease some chunks to that, for instance, free television could be beamed down from the sky to replace flower-in-flare? Gravel flew to Ottawa to talk to Communications Minister Jean Charest about it, and after being given modest encouragement, began to cast around for something he could trade for a ride on Telstar. He thinks he has it.

"We discovered that NASA [National Aeronautics and Space Administration] has given away millions of dollars' worth of service to Canada,

a commercial company. Well, here you are, you've caught a guy with his fingers on the till, and you can either shut the driver on those fingers, or you can pull it open a bit farther and say, 'Is there a little something in there for me?' My inclination is to pull it open a bit farther, and ask NASA to give Alaska a free rocket launch. Then I'll try to trade part of the cost of that free shot to Canada for space on your satellite."

Turning to Canada for help is natural because, the senator said, "I feel as Canadian that sometimes when I sit up there and I read about American domination of your industry I find myself getting mad at us." A man thought, if unbelievable Gravel was born in Springfield, Massachusetts, the son of a Quebec house-painter and contractor who had migrated there in search of work. He lived up what is still known as the "Canadian" end of town spoke French at home, and attended French schools until he went to Columbia University in New York to complete a bachelor of science degree in economics. His father's 20 brothers and sisters stayed in Quebec, and he spent much of his summers there, visiting relatives and doing jobs. After school and the usual army hitch — he served in counter-intelligence — he went to Alaska in 1946 because there, he believed, he could fulfill his lifelong ambition to enter politics. ("His something in the stomach") After an early struggle, he made a small fortune in real estate development, then plunged into Alaskan politics and became successfully a member of the state legislature, the youngest-ever Speaker of the state house, an unsuccessful candidate in the race for Alaska's lone congressional seat, an upset victor in the Democratic primary race against Gruening, and a U.S. senator.

Once in office, he began to seek out issues that would establish him as a progressive, outspoken, right-thinking moderate, worthy of consideration for high national office. A number of these issues seem to touch, or parallel, Canadian concerns. For instance, Gravel is a strong internationalist (he's proud of a warm nation he got in 1950s for supporting exchange visits between U.S. and Russian politicians), and that leads him to support both Canada's partial withdrawal from NATO and our negotiations with Red China. "I think your NATO move was a good and healthy thing," he told me. Gravel thinks Canada has been more open, more critical and, therefore, more reliable to the U.S. since Trudeau's election and he greatly admires the Canadian Prime

Minister, both for his style and his anti-subsidist stance. "Bernard Russell once said that what we have to fear at the world today is not Communism but internationalism. I agree with that and I think your Prime Minister would, too."

Lyle Trudon, and despite what he said earlier, Gravel seems pretty relaxed about the economic role played by U.S. industry in Canadian affairs. He argued, "As long as you make American companies in Canada be here in your best interests you have nothing to fear. If you can't do that well... The hands must rise, the shoulders must up, and the tempo, renewed tactfully restrained."

He couldn't understand either what he considers to be excessive worry over American linkages using the Northwest Passage. "It's a part of our way, we don't want it, we just want to use it, the way you use the Panama Canal."

"But what if one of your tankers sprays a leak?"

"What if one of your dynamite ships blows up in the canal?"

Although he doesn't favor Canada's Arctic policy, he does share in general, Gravel's view of French-Canadian problems. "I think I have some understanding of the French-Canadian position," he said, perhaps a smug anyway, as the guy from Blainville, Quebec who can't even read about it in French. "It seems to me the necessary changes are being made. Surely, but they are, being made."

One area where the senator might have some useful advice for our men seems to be in the treatment of native peoples — a situation in Alaska, in most of the Canadian north. Gravel sponsored a recently enacted bill that set aside a fixed percentage of the proceeds from all oil leases and royalties in Alaska for the use of the natives through their own development companies and with its strings attached, in cooperation for that appropriated lands. Now that reports of potential lands are beginning to trickle down from our own north, Gravel's bill might make useful study for the people in Northern Alberta.

There are many issues, from the monarchy to the current workings of the parliamentary system, that the senator doesn't feel competent to comment on, but in playing the gaps in his knowledge, more and more he is making himself aware of the issues and problems that shape our politics. It may be time Canadian politicians reformed the curriculum, and began to look more closely at Mike Gravel. After all, he could be president some day. □



It shows that you care — HARVEYS BRISTOL CREAM

Treasure Hunt Where BEEP Marks The Spot

BY ALAN EDMONDS

LIKE ALL THE BEST FADS, it began in California where surf-bum beachcombers used the glorified mine detectors to find coins, watches, jewelry and other metal valuables lost by tourists. When the U.S. made admissions of the army's mine detector (painted pretty and sold to civilians as "moss-mineral detector") as proved in Vancouver last fall, they spawned a revival of treasure hunting in B.C.'s gold rush ghost towns.

Within three months one firm handling the mineral metal detectors sold more than 90 for between \$124.93 and \$743.00 to an assortment of commercial travelers, coin-wash salesmen, camping buffs — and even a few professional prospectors. This summer the firm's sales at most tripled and by now either dealers or by now either buyers also purchased Bruce Penney's book *Ghost Towns of B.C.* (Delaware Press) is documents the histories of 54 communities that went from boom to bust during the past century and now are deserted or vanished.

Jennifer Davis, sales manager of Eldon Exploration Enterprises, which markets geological survey equipment, says: "Most customers are ordinary people who touch the detectors in the trunk of the car and go prowling around the ghost towns along the old gold rush trails."

"They're looking for nuggets and small pockets of gold missed in the gold rush. In those days there was no electronic equipment to detect small deposits in or near rivers. Many miners didn't leave in tanks and are supposed to have hidden their gold somewhere about their trucks — then died or vanished so the story goes, leaving their picks behind them but you never hear anyone admit finding anything because they might have someone claim what they'd found or have to pay taxes."

The best ghost-towning country is between Vancouver and Harrison Hot Springs along the Fraser Valley,



around the northern tip of Harrison Lake and along the old Dendrey Trail, which ran from Vancouver to the Alberta border. All three regions are rich in the skeletal remains of former boomtown towns.

The detectors have other uses. How the old traps, pots and pans are mined in an illegal ghost-town dumps are sometimes more profitable than the abandoned gold

fields. Most detectors have two settings, one for minerals and the other for metal. One Vancouver woman borrowed a detector to look for her wedding ring, lost when gardening. She found it three inches deep in a weed bed.

For \$15 the detectors can be waterproofed — and the odds of a gold mine treasure hunter who has had his done go strolling along in rivers

and by gold rush country. They seek alluvial deposits of gold or silver or two metal from the ore along with all gold dust and even small nuggets are swept downstream until the river makes the ocean face and slows down. Then the salt — and, happily, the gold — drops to the river bed.

The cheaper of the sizes or more detectors available are the least sensitive and have

weaknesses to transmit the beeps and buzzes that announce they've picked up a piece of metal or a mineral deposit.

Many expensive models have built-in loudspeakers and interchangeable detector plates called loops for different jobs. Search plates are used for finding mineral deposits, and newer claims the small loop will "usually react

to a natural gold nugget as small as a pinhead just under the surface at a price of parts." The biggest loop — the biggest is 17 inches across — have a wider range and are more valuable for ghost-towning, searching through old garbage dumps or beachcombing in which case anything worth finding is likely to contain a good sized piece of metal, which is easier

to detect than pinhead gold. Eldon Enterprises Jennifer Davis and friend Maureen Martin, former secretary to British Prime Brian, spent one last-minute trip to beachcombing Vancouver's English Bay (see photo) using machines equipped with medium-sized loops. They found \$15,000 in coins lost by sunbathers — plus 17 bottle caps, two beer cans and a dog tag. □

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AT YOUR SERVICE: MONEY

If you buy stocks, you've got to watch those politicians

THE GAMES GOVERNMENTS play can have a devastating effect on your investments, yet investors and market analysts often seem to be abysmally ignorant of politics.

A tell-tale sign is the manipulation of profits and sales of the company's shares. Tight money policies can sink a promising small venture that needs to borrow heavily and cheaply to expand.

Yet few stock-market letters and research reports give more than passing mention to government. With few exceptions, market analysts seem to be no more aware of political realities than the average truck driver, but these same market analysts make a large part of the money market. Their views influence decisions made by big mutual funds, insurance companies and pension funds. And the analysts' conclusions often affect the way stock and bond prices move. In theory, you could make a profit simply out of the analysts' shortcomings.

For instance, Bell Canada periodically applies for higher rates. Analysts are usually opposed with Bell's arguments, so Bell shares go up on the assumption Ottawa must be equally convinced. Just as often Bell doesn't get as much as it wanted and prices go down. Bell should really be bought far more than 55¢ can usually be bought for around 34¢, and not too long ago — miscalculating Ottawa's reaction to a rate-change request — many experts said Bell was a good buy at 50¢. It wasn't, in time proved.

Looking what seems obvious knowledge may cost money when Ottawa overrode the dollar bid spring. That cost big exporters a fat slice of profits (gold- and paper- profit). MacMillan Bloedel says it cost them two million dollars in tax arrears, and shares in big exporting concerns went down. Yet it had long been evident that some revolution was inevitable.

With analysts falling down on the job, investors owe it to themselves to stay abreast of political realities. For instance, no one should buy oil and natural gas stocks without knowing the affairs and policies of the National Energy Board. Knowledge of the powers and policies of regulatory boards that control utilities is a must for anyone buying utilities.

If you're in the market at all, politics is often the name of the game. □

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Canadian Wines from European grapes

They Lose An Awful Lot Of Cities In Brazil

BY JAMES MONTAGNES

IT SEEMS OBVIOUSLY EASY to lose cities in South America. The native Indian lost a rich to tens of lost cities of the Incas, and one was nearly lost — indeed might be a better word — within the past century.

Musau, a shrouded ruins up the shaggy-plugged Amazon, was the forgotten capital of Brazil's rubber industry in the late 18th and early 19th century. There, rubber barons built an ornate city deep in the still largely unexplored jungle. Great houses and public buildings, well based on the ornate European architecture of the period. The great among them was an opera house built of Italian marble.

But after, more accessible sources of rubber were found, Musau was uprooted, abandoned and in the century all but lost. Only now is it slowly coming back to life, partly because the jungle is slowly being settled and Musau is a handy shipping point, partly because Canadian and U.S. tourists are just beginning to discover the attractions of winter in South America — and, incidentally, Musau.

Now that the Caribbean and Mexican tourists fill up each winter, the more adventurous sea-bathers are moving farther south. And, once large-scale tourism is relatively new to South America, the rewards for the adventures are rich. The air fare to, say, Buenos Aires may be more costly than a flight to the Caribbean, but once you get there you can save the difference.

From Canada, Canada's 12-hour flight to Buenos Aires, capital of Argentina, and the return 30-day excursion fare is \$837 by Pan Amer-



The last opera house of Minas, built by rubber barons in the Amazon jungle.

ican, Varig, Aerolineas Argentinas and Braniff. From the west, CP Air flies Vancouver-Musau-Lima-South-American Aires, and the Vancouver-Buenos Aires route (more frequent) from \$859 (regular) to a special group excursion fare of \$732.

Not once you are in any Latin American country, the savings begin. Good hotels seldom cost more than \$12 a day single (\$18 double), and much in the best restaurants rarely cost more than three dollars, wine included.

And, remember, there is nothing more about most South American cities. Partly because the democracy arbitrary governments have provided some stability (generally at the expense of democracy and social progress), there is a growing middle class throughout South America. That demand for consumer goods and the facilities of urban living means that most of South America's cities are modern, though they retain an unchanged character.

Most of South America's big cities date from the 16th century and the arrival of Spanish and Portuguese colonists. In Buenos Aires, for instance, a 250-foot obelisk stands at the end of the spectacular Avenida 9 de Julio — erected in 1936 to commemorate the 400th anniversary of the birth of the city.

Buenos Aires, with seven million people, is the continent's biggest city. Its hotels are as good as any in Canada, and its restaurants are myriad — and excellent. Generally, the steak houses are best. At La Cabana, the best of them, dinner with wine is

possible at around \$130 a head. Buenos Aires is hell for pedestrians. There are few traffic lights, and the constantly swirling traffic can leave the tourists puzzled on the sidewalk for hours. But on Calle Florida there are no cars. Here strollers shop at all hours for algarine, enaguas, South Polar penguin-skin and other fashion articles, as well as jewelry, wooden carvings and other luxury goods.

The city has two stadiums, several soccer stadiums, a proliferation of museums and art galleries, a hectic night life — and La Buzina, which is probably the world's most ornate cemetery. Its tombs and mausoleums are arranged in streets. The city also has beaches, but the most popular seaside area is Mar del Plata, 200 miles to the south, which has five miles of beach and skyscraper hotels on the Atlantic.

The spectacular Iguaçu Falls, on the borders of Argentina, Paraguay and Brazil, are accessible from Buenos Aires, and are the best example of how little developed the tourist industry is in South America. Two-and-a-half miles wide, the falls are higher than Niagara and wider than Africa's Victoria Falls. Yet the first tourist hotels have been built only recently, and you must plunge down a hiking trail to see one of the world's great natural wonders.

From Buenos Aires it is only a 30-minute flight to Montevideo, capital of Uruguay, and here of about half that nation's three million people. Its many fine beaches attract thousands of holidaymakers in the resort

continued on page 62

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TRAVEL

of Punta del Este, 90 miles east of the city. Punta is South America's Atlantic City, minus the lawlessness of the original.

Though Montevideo dates back to 1726, it has many modern high-rise buildings and much of its architecture dates from the turn of the century, notably that of the gleaming white legislative palace, and the superbly baroque Solís Theatre. Next to the theatre is Del Apolo, one of the world's best restaurants where gourmet food is served at what, so Canadians are happy to hear,

Rio Paulo is the exception to the rule that Latin-American cities are slow-paced. It is a city of skyscrapers and expressways, and, except for the prime areas, you could be in Chicago or Toronto. The commercial centre of Brazil, Rio Paulo has more banks than any other city I know—but it also has some superb beaches.

Rio de Janeiro, on the other hand, is a leisurely Latin city. You need a week to see Rio properly, and will have time to relax on the beaches with crowds of what always seem to be some of the world's most beautiful people. Copacabana beach is lined with big hotels, but Ipanema, Leblon and Goren beaches have smaller hotels, private homes and small apartments. But everyone else uses the beaches—they're all public.

Of all South America's big cities, Rio is probably the best known to tourists. The 75-cent ride up Sugar Loaf Mountain via a cable car that averages 1,000 feet above the forest, and the annual pre-Lenten Mardi Gras—these and other attractions are known to every traveller. But Rio remains a relatively cheap place to stay and to eat. The fish restaurants, even down to the most modest sidewalk cafe, are superb, and probably the best bargains in town.

All of South America offers the sun in our winter. Rio, for instance, has an average October-June temperature of around 80 degrees. In their winter, July-October, it is a little cooler, but not so much fun.

And from Rio you can fly to the most-laid city of Mexico (ie, if you feel adventurous, go up the Aztec by the Lloyd Brasileiro Line's once-weekly in-midnight passenger ship that goes between Rio and Manaus, or fly from Rio to Belém, at the mouth of the Amazon and pick up a Manaus-bound freighter. From Rio it takes a week, from Belém four days, to go to see the glided fur of the rubber Indians who build up open house in the jungle. □

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The 240-Z—latest weapon in Japan's auto invasion

BY ALBERT TREMBLAY

THE JAPANESE AUTO INVASION COMES at us from both sides. Datsun from the west, the main point of entry from Japan, and Toyota from the east, where its distributors set up an assembly plant at Cape Breton.

Both have now spread across the country and, with some other cars from Japan, captured a third of the imported-car market in Canada.

The Toyota Corolla and Datsun's models 1000 and 1600 family sedans are the best-known Japanese cars. But Datsun's 240-Z is the best example of how Japan can meet the need for a wide range of models.

The "Z" is a high-performance sports car, which at \$4,195, has many built-in accessories that are costly options on most Detroit cars. These include push-button radio, retractable antenna with remote control, power-closed trunk, radiantly heated rotating bucket seats, quartz-rod headlamps and rear-window defogger, available in our choice.

The speedometer aptly reads up to 160 mph, but in testing I found the six-cylinder overhead-camshaft engine gives the 2,237-pound car a top speed of 125 mph. When pushed, the "Z" covers a quarter-mile from a standing start in 16.5 seconds.

Fast, yet surprisingly silent on the highway, the "Z" is handy in traffic and, considering its size (162 inches long, 49 inches high), is remarkably roomy. It is, besides, very stylish.

The seats are not particularly soft, but do hold the driver well, and a compensation is that the suspension is much softer than that of many better-known sports cars. The brakes need a heavy foot, at low speeds the steering is heavy and builds hand-sore vibration with rear wheel.

But these drawbacks are carping. The "Z" is one of the most interesting of recent cars, and serves notice that the Japanese can and will challenge the Detroit in their traditional stronghold — the sports-car market. □



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AT YOUR SERVICE: MARIJUANA

A frightening new theory of the perils of pot

BY M. L. CHARLOTTE

Was CHARLES MANNING's apparent bid over his followers due to marijuana?

It has become the accepted wisdom that marijuana is at least no more harmful to health than liquor. But psychiatrist Dr. Andrew Malcolm, an expert in addiction, has produced a disturbing theory that, if correct, may mean that marijuana is in fact frighteningly dangerous.

Dr. Malcolm, a staff psychiatrist with the Ontario Addictive Research Foundation, says that though pot may be non-addictive, it causes chemical changes in the brain. In *The Passions of Intoxication* published by the foundation this month, Dr. Malcolm says marijuana diminishes the natural inhibition of brain activity. With the "safety valve" removed, normal consciousness is distorted.

Pot thus diminishes the sense of personal responsibility that inhibits our everyday behavior. In this altered state of consciousness the victim's sense of time and sensations of hearing, taste, touch and smell are distorted and he feels shifts from the usual emotional stimuli to ideas and images within his head.

In this state the pot smoker often loses a clear sense of his own identity, and is desperate for outside support. He can become the tool of a leader, or "guru," such as Charles Manning.

Next, astonishingly, Dr. Malcolm writes, "The marijuana user senses no personal responsibility for his actions. His life is devoid of congruity and uncertainty and he is filled with wonder and relief."

And if you have tried pot and not experienced anything like this, Dr. Malcolm points out that it affects individuals differently, probably because its effect depends on the smoker's level of maturity and health.

All of this, Dr. Malcolm admits, is just a theory—but, even so, he says, further study of what he calls the "convenience" effect of drugs such as marijuana is vital.

When marijuana is used by a violent person in conditions conducive to violence, it breeds violence, he says. Example: In Vietnam, trained soldiers, many of whom reportedly smoke marijuana, become murderers. And it may be because of the pot. □

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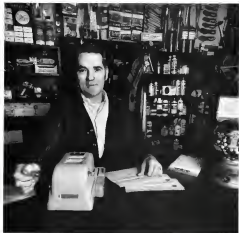
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Why Bob Eirich uses a Pitney-Bowes Postage Meter to mail as few as 4 letters a day.



Bob Eirich's business is located in a fishing port and summer resort, so not surprisingly boats are pretty big business here. Boats are certainly a big part of his business—although by no means all of it. His additive supply outfit serves garages, car dealers and repair stations, too.

To run a complicated supply operation like this, you have to be organized to the last detail. And just in terms of the stock on your shelves. The way you handle your paperwork counts, too.

A good example of this, Bob tells us, is the problem of monthly deliveries. If for some reason they go out late, then the cheques can line up coming back at him. And Bob can suddenly find himself low on capital—which hurts in a business like his.

Getting out those statements used to be one of his biggest headaches. As he puts it, the end of every month turned into "a lot of looking and sticking of stamps and envelope flags." At one point he even tried using a sponge, which is when he realized the situation was getting "out of control." And more seriously, he would often expostulate and run out of stamps, which held up his mail until he could get to the post office.

This was bad business, as well as "a pain in the neck. He didn't have time. Like a lot of small businesses, Pitney-Bowes postage meter was installed immediately to stamp and seal all his mail.

And there's one extra thing that Bob especially likes—the chance to

print a stamp ad besides the postage. The way Bob sees it, the meter ad "is like your salesmen, if you don't have someone out."

This is Bob Eirich's story. Do the problems sound something like the problems that are bothering you? If so, call your nearest Pitney-Bowes office for details and a demonstration.



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Act Of The Heart is a fascinating, possibly about the finest, of many such and more. It strikes a psychological resonance in anyone familiar with the vulnerability of loneliness and desire on the one hand, and the bitterness of philosophy on the other.

Almond creates a naturalistic picture of Canadian life on the surface, but beneath the veneer of our society, seemingly so secure and snugly comfortable, he probes the darker regions of our souls — the fears, fantasies, obsessions, the madness. The drama of the film touches all of us, a terror-struck mind trying to keep its delicate balance in a world where insanity is commonplace, a mind that has lost its moorings and tries to cling to the only form of hope left — love.

Act Of The Heart is a serious film, possibly even a profound one, but it is not the cinematic equivalent of speech, to be seen because it is good for you. It's necessary living in a complex world.

The photography of Jean Beffroy (who has worked with French directors Alain Resnais and Claude Lelouch) is strikingly strange, the music by Harry Freedman (performed by the Festival Singers of Canada and released on Decca's records, under the title *The Flame Within*) is the best film score since Ludwig Antonson borrowed *When Love* for his film *It*. In a supporting role, Monique Leyrac brings to the screen a dignity and fragile grace that is rare in life and even rarer in film since the 1940s, even in intelligent comedies such as *The Graduate*, to depict women over 35 as pretentious and disreputably sexual. As Johnnie Post, a widow with a young son, for whom the memory of her husband is too recent to permit her to love with the trust and hope it was had in life, Miss Leyrac conveys in a glance, in her line of voice, the life of a woman who has developed a sustained forbearance of despair.

A director isn't simply a man who paints a canvas; he's an artist who sees film as a medium to paint in as new distances. He must develop a personal vision based on an informed view of the world as art, science, religion and politics. Almond's achievement in *Act Of The Heart* is that he has created a world in his imagination that is personal and unique and yet mirrors the real world and intimates to about it in ways we might never have discovered on our own.

One mandatory note: the trailer for *Act Of The Heart*, prepared by Universal Pictures, not Almond, is a cruel piece of back-slapping (Hollywood, remember, isn't he what he is to do with *Rosanne* and *Clyde* and *2001: A Space Odyssey*, either). Anyone who sees the trailer won't be able to tell the difference between a beautiful and important film, which *Act Of The Heart* is, and something that could have been called *Rape In A Church*.

LOOK FOR FILMS

Book of Love, a hard-hitting, savagely funny film that justifies the new freedom of the screen. As the bird-hat boy, who philosophizes with a humor and later bleeds, homelessness, hopes, modern music and all drugs except alcohol, Peter Dinklage gives a performance that keeps off the screen and sets your mind for ever. Joe doesn't just talk about the guarantee gap, assassinations, Kent State and Vietnam; it dissects the complex, psychological dynamics of a society in turmoil. Unlike *Zelig*, *Book of Love*, which oversimplifies the subject, and *Andrew Cock*, which merely dived about in the seas, *Book of Love* is an intelligent, revealing study of contemporary America, a forcible reminder of how powerful film can be when they are made with genuine passion. Every showing of *Joe* was followed by the Canadian national anthem, it would sound as if what we need not and should not become.

REVIEWS

BOOKS

This collum is about William Robson, an undeniable novelist

BY SANDRA PEREDO



though the spelling was not. ("They were like collums of smoke that rose from a pile of white ashes." "Then you will laugh it?" He also had a lively, if not realistic, grasp of dialogue.

Meanwhile in *Knappton*, a city 22 miles away from Barrow, Graham, the kind, and Correll his counterforce were aware.

"Not around Correll. 'We can't attack him then'."

"We can, Correll. Drive him, and I would advise you not to counter him."

"I and think that you are somewhat senior," repeated Correll.

"Call me Junior!" roared Graham. "That is those stupid names of Salena call her 'Your Majesty'."

Robson showed William's book to Graham, and Graham was impressed. He had long been looking for a book written for children by a child, and here, in the penultimate volume of *Go Home Boy*, a summer cottage area reserved for professionals connected with the University of Toronto, he had found one.

He took the book away with him, and the *Barrow* left for several months in England. When they returned, they discovered that New Point, Quebec's aggressive young Toronto publishing house, wanted to publish at least 2,000 copies of it — exactly as it had been conceived and typed by William, spelling mistakes and all.

Which makes a lot of people the wrong way, once to meet extend Mrs. Robson, herself an assistant professor of history at the University of Toronto. She believed spelling should be corrected in children's school compositions. "But," she says, "Ian Robson was very insistent on keeping that spelling."

The book was published last



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needed in a \$750 three-valve engine package. "It's aimed at children and the parents of children," says Baccus, "and we hope it opens the eye. We wanted it to be the only thrill-ride at George Bernard Shaw and Shakespeare spelled his name in different ways."

"It's a bit late for my taste," admits Peter Maher, New Press art director. And William Robson, who turned 11 this summer and who spent a lot of time this spring riding his chairlifts in left pen so that they could be reproduced, is anything but sure. He is an extremely well-poised and articulate person, and one who seems almost adult in his serious and measured, although he looks like any other skippy, lurching kid. His parents say he does all the things other kids do — such as swimming and playing hockey.

A product of the well-known Robson household, where *Antony and Cleopatra* are played at the dinner table, William began working in Grade 2, about the time his father asked him to relate the same story as if it would be told to various people, and then to tell it as those people themselves would.

"I like writing stories to entertain my imagination," says William, "and I think quite a few children write books for the fun of it when they were something to do."

"I usually start them after five, when I think about things around me. Before I wrote *The Maple Moose*, the thinking had gone on for about a week. Each time I use the characters better than before, and finally they came so clear that I had to write them down."

"Some of them were clearer, the ones whose minds were more like mine because they even were ourselves and didn't think ahead so much. That is, I think I was more confused perhaps until the books came along. Then I got more serious because I had a lot of work to do."

"I understood more after that about what it was going to be like in life, how it would be when I had a job that I

couldn't run away from because I was making money at it and the money was good!"

The Robsons, like most parents, were concerned in first about the effect publicity might have on their son. They would, after all, be exposing him to the adulation, and/or criticism of the public, and would have to cope with any arrogance he might develop.

"I guess we really made the decision when we showed the movie to Ben Baccus that August," says Mr. Robson. "We went to a lot of trouble to get it made and William wanted to do it. It was only my protectiveness of William that made me think of not going ahead. I don't know."

William had his own type writer and lots of ideas that just came, but he hasn't written them down. "Maybe I did I really want to enough," he says. "I know that it could be published, so now I'm more careful than I was before." □

LOOK FOR BOOKS

THE NATIONAL DREAM: The Great Railway 1871-1918, by Pierre Berton (McClelland & Stewart, \$10). The first volume of a two-volume work describing the railroad and nation-building that led to the building of a transcontinental railway and the opening of the Canadian West. Berton, one of the century's foremost writers on Canadian history. *The National Dream* is not only lively and readable but also his most ambitious foray into the Canadian past. □

THE HONEYMAN FOOTLOCK, by Miriam Tegel (House of Anansi, \$2.50 paper, \$7.50 cloth). A second novel by a Toronto writer whose *Two Clouds of Glory* was published in 1968 — is set in Toronto, Europe and a small Ontario town. It's the story of a woman in her mid-30s with three children and another on the way. Only a hint of a hint for *Women's Lives*, but a strong statement of a Canadian woman's perceptions in the 1960s. □

REVIEWS

TELEVISION

At last the CBC is, dramatically speaking, doing our thing

BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

IT IS TIME for those of us who believe in the CBC to say grace. After a year of near-famine, punctuated by the illuminations of critics and the occasional rumbling of networks in the United States because they judge it too bold for the American audiences of the day, belonged mostly to the Hollywood gods of fast-paced, big-city thrillers. What has been largely lacking in CBC-TV drama is recognizably Canadian themes concerning the things this country is all about. And that's what we are beginning to get.

As if to herald the new era, the CBC only in September broadcast the extraordinary documentary drama *Comrades Canada*. This two-hour second, set in 1938, of Canada's last focus on a sovereign nation before being annexed by the U.S., ranged widely and surprisingly subtly over some of the fundamental economic and social issues confronting us today. Although produced relatively by students at Toronto's York University, the show also demonstrated a creative and sophisticated use of television. Finally it proved — CTV, are you there? — that TV drama is a unique and flexible medium, given a compelling subject, interest and vision, can be produced for as abundantly low cost (less than \$3,000 in this case).

By screening the innovative York University production, the CBC drew our considerable confidence in the comparative quality of its own efforts. Judging series drama in advance, on the basis of a few promising episodes, the CBC drew our confidence in the comparative quality of its own efforts. Judging series drama in advance, on the basis of a few promising episodes, the CBC drew our confidence in the comparative quality of its own efforts. Judging series drama in advance, on the basis of a few promising episodes, the CBC drew our confidence in the comparative quality of its own efforts.

Stunty, busy in Comrades Canada



The clear, cool taste of Bacardi rum mixes so well, it's hard to keep a Bacardi party small.

Try it tonight with cola, tonic, in a cocktail or on the rocks.



do just that and so, with the reservation that I may have second thoughts, here is what I think of the CBC-produced fare this season.



Stephen Collier in *Adventures in Arctic Country*

□ *Rainbow Country* (Sundays, 7 p.m.) is thematically disappointing even as a children's program. True, it was all shot on location in northern Ontario and the scenery couldn't be more Canadian. Yet it presents a stereotyped, outsider's view of Canada (it's partly framed by narrators in Britain and Australia) that, complete with elephant herds and his loyal Indian friend, isn't far removed from *Kitero* lore. And the dramatic situations are, to use the warmest word I can think of, obvious. However, it will undoubtedly provide excellent entertainment for the mental age group that is looking ahead the coordinator of *Green Acres*.

□ *Theatre Canada* (Thursdays, 9 p.m.) will, in contrast, likely infuriate *Green Acres* fans. But the first 15-week segment of this program, a film series based on Canadian short stories, could be the sleeper of the year. (The second 15-week segment is devoted to experimental productions.) The works of such established writers as Morley Callaghan, Hugh Garner, David McFadyen and Philip Child have been translated into television with sensitivity and honesty and without the attempt at slickness that often mars series of this type. *Give Theatre Canada a chance.*

□ *Corvus* (Sundays, 9 p.m.) seems to have lost the quirky aging and uneven plotting shown in last season's episodes and is settling down as a steady writer, professionally extended series. Added lustre is provided by a generous use of guest stars. Watch particularly for episodes involving science-fiction actor John Ed Bradley (who died shortly after filming was completed) and Arthur O'Connell.

The trouble with young Dr. Corvus is that his bedside manner is not markedly different from that of Britain's Dr. Finlay or Hollywood's Martin Welby. The same sort of objection can be levelled at *The Menopausal*, the concept "West-Coast series about a production office, which takes over the Sunday-at-one slot in February. Both in fact, are



Alan King and John Horton in *Corvus*

cost in the same intentional mold as *Wojcik*. But perhaps that argument can be put aside for *Dr. Menopausal* dealing with relevant problems, contrasting contemporary society clearly must have a place in the Canadian repertoire — even if the same social problems are apparent in other countries. The secret is to keep the Canadian society firmly in focus.

In any case, many of the drama speeches the CBC has scheduled for the coming months will gladden the hearts of all nationalists. There outside a play about a Canadian whaler trapped in a 100-year cage (Night, October 7), a feature like

based on the life of a 19th-century Quebec folk hero (*Megamur Oshawa*, to be shown in January) and dramatic documentary on the legend of the Hudson's Bay Company and the development of the western Canadian Arctic. Looking ahead to the 1978-79 season, the network is building an elaborate series (*The Overlanders*) around the adventures of the Prairie pioneers and has all but committed itself to a series based on *Monsieur de la Roche's* 16th-century travels. They could easily give Canada a prestige production of the calibre of *The Forsyte Saga*.

If drama production is the nucleus of a TV network's commitment to live up to its creative responsibilities — and I think drama is far more important than information or variety programming — then the CBC, in reviewing its self-interest. For what we are about to receive, Canadians should be truly thankful. □

LOOK FOR TELEVISION

□ *Linda Garmon*, formerly 22-year-old actress who appeared bare-breasted in an episode of *The Menopausal* last season, shocking some viewers but combining most with her last acting in a drug addict's distraught wife. She gives another excellent performance as the lead in the CBC Theatre Canada production, *Peacemaker* (Thursday, October 1, 9 p.m.), based on Alice Mazar's moody short story about small-town love. Linda will be a guest star in *Corvus* episode later in the season. □

□ *Room 222* (CTV, Tuesdays, 8 M p.m.) This half-hour show about a segregated American high school was picked up by some private stations last year and is now being carried by the full network. Part comedy and part social melodrama, it has the best all-around *Midwest* production values since *Be And She* was dissolved. Don't miss it, it's too good to last for long. □

SPORT

The Canucks go jingle, jangle, jingle...

BY HAL SIGURDSON



ON OCTOBER 9 a chartered Boeing 737 will leave Edmonton at 4 p.m., and fly directly to Vancouver. On board 117 well-heeled Alberta hockey fans clutching tickets for the first home game of Vancouver's new National Hockey League franchise, the Vancouver Canucks. The ticket will be reported for 20 of the Canucks' 39 home games during the 1978-79 season.

The affluent Alberta cheering section was organized by Edmontonian chairman assistant Gary Davidson and Edmontonian lawyer Roger Bonhomme, a well-known captain of Canada's national hockey team. They've raised up about 700 fans — including 100 from Calgary who will have their own charter flight — each of whom will pay approximately \$64 per person or \$1,250 for the package of 20. Measured in dollars and cents, there are no more enthusiastic fans in the NHL.

And what better way to measure at Money, after all, in what professional hockey is all about. And while the Canucks may founder on the ice this year (no one would be surprised to see them finish last in the bottom

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